THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, { EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1858. TERMS, { $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 52.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND PRINCESS;" "THE DESERTED WIFE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONSCIENCE THE AVENGER.

"Yet dread me from my living tomb." SCOTT.

A few weeks passed and the tragic fate of Agnes Heine was forgotten, save by the few devoted friends who had been faithful to her to the last. And other exciting events soon drove her for the moment even from their minds.

First Father Maraudey was, by a writ of habeas corpus, brought into court, to have the reason of his detention in prison re-investigated and passed upon.

His friends came forward in force, both with money and counsel. His case was argued pro and con for more than a fortnight, and created quite as great an excitement in its own way as had the two remarkable criminal trials immediately preceding it.

But on the sixteenth day, the judgment of the court was pronounced, discharging him from custody.

Catholics and Protestants almost equally rejoiced in the liberation of the portly and popular priest.

Colonel Shannon and other gentlemen planters of the county gave dinners in his honor. Old maids and widows made tea parties for his delectation. Why—even the poor darkies gave breakdown dances in the barn, and got "glorious" for the glory of "Father O'Lordy."

Doctor Henry alone of all the inhabitants of the neighborhood paid no sort of attention to the lion of the day. And, in fact, every person admitted that, both upon account of his wife's recent death and his own serious indisposition, Dr. Henry might well be excused, from either giving entertainments or even participating in those given by others.

The same pretext seemed to enfranchise the doctor from all other liabilities; for when, a few days after the funeral of Agnes, Ernest Heine called at Farquier, for perhaps the twentieth time, to demand satisfaction of its master for the persecution of that poor, martyred girl, he was told that the doctor was confined to his bed by illness, and could not be seen.

Again and again, upon his repeating the visit, was the same answer returned, until Ernest Heine for the present gave up the pursuit, and quietly but firmly "bided his time." Dr. Henry was now seldom seen in public, and never where there was a possibility of encountering his late student.

Meanwhile how went the time with Godfrey Dulanie and his devoted wife? and what effect had the liberation of Father Maraudy upon his condition and prospects?

Mr. Dulanie, still a close prisoner under sentence of death, suffered extremely in both health and spirits, not only from long confinement but also from intolerable suspense. Honora—noble Honora! fondly soothed or faithfully shared his sorrows. Day after day, week after week, they had lived in the hope that the real criminal, conscience-stricken, would be compelled to come forward and confess the crime for which *he* unjustly suffered.

But as the heavy days and weeks, in their dull monotony, moved slowly past, the sickening nature of this "hope deferred" began to tell tremendously upon the mind and body both of Honora and Godfrey.

A flash of hope sprang up with the liberation of Father Maraudy, and the question of how far and how favorably his enlargement might affect the fate of the condemned.

That question was soon and bitterly answered. The community, upon the first startling intelligence of the mysterious stranger who, under the seal of confession, had charged himself with the murder of Hugh Hawe, at once asserted the innocence of Godfrey Dulanie, and clamored for his unconditional reprieve. But as weeks went by and no light was shed upon the dark event, people began to wonder and speculate, and finally returned to their first faith in the guilt of the condemned.

Some expressed their belief that the stranger of the confessional was altogether a "bogus" penitent, who had been hired by the friends of Mr. Dulanie to tell that story, in the faint hope of saving his life.

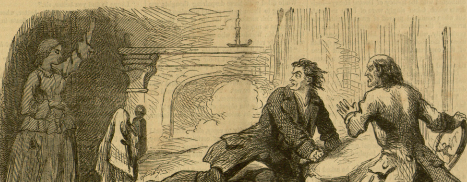
And others did not hesitate to assert that the story of the penitent was itself "a humbug," trumped up by the pitiful but not too punctilious priest for the preservation of the prisoner's life. A few stern-hearted men thought the course of the governor in this matter weak, and hoped that there would be no farther delay in carrying into effect the sentence of the law.

Meanwhile, not only close confinement, not only wearing suspense, and painful misconstruction, but severe privation, was the lot of Godfrey and Honora. One by one their little articles of jewelry had been sacrificed—first to pay the cost of the defence in the trial, next to remunerate the warden for necessaries and comforts supplied by him; and now that the last dollar had been expended, Honora redeemed her pledge and worked for him.

He did not know it! When through all the hours of the weary day he saw her nimble fingers fly over some piece of delicate needle-work, he would ask—

"What is it, love, that you are so busy about?"

"Why, a lady's dress—do you not see?" she would reply.



THE SPECTRE'S ADMONITION.

And he, never doubting but that she was making it for herself, would investigate no farther.

And sometimes when some little comfort, not down in the prison bill of fare, would grace their morning or their evening meal, and he would look up inquiringly into her face, she would smile and answer—

"Yes, I got it; the money obtained from the sale of your watch is not all gone yet."

(This was true. Honora, the diplomate, had saved just one shilling of that money, which she kept purposely, in order to be able to make just such replies to just such looks.)

In simple poverty, however severe, these two could have been happy; but this was poverty in a prison. To any prospect of toil and privation they would have looked forward cheerfully; but for them in life loomed but one object, of blackest horror—THE SCAFFOLD—whose dark image overshadowed them; deeper and deeper grew the gloom as time bore them onwards towards its midnight of shame and death.

The day of execution approached. It was known that the governor would grant no second respite, and that the condemned must prepare to meet his fate; for that, without providential interposition, upon the twenty-eighth of August, his sentence would be carried into effect.

Despair overshadowed the soul of the prisoner; his wife sought earnestly to dispel its gloom. As a general rule, I think, we women are less subject to despondency, more gifted with hope than men; perhaps it is because we have more elasticity, if less strength than our brothers.

Upon the Sabbath that ushered in the week in which he was expected to die, after they had read together the morning service according to the Episcopal ritual, and had laid aside their books, he took her hand as she sat beside him on the bed, and said—

"Dear Honora, this is the last Sabbath we shall spend together——"

"Not so! Oh, not so: not by many *years* of Sabbaths!" she answered, hope still struggling against the terrors that would have overmastered her.

"My own heroic wife, look fate steadily in the face! You have firmness enough to do so. I wished to say to you that Mr. Willoughby has kindly offered *to my widow* a home at the parsonage, until such time as she shall have attained her majority, entered upon her estates, and is at liberty to choose her dwelling in the world.

"*I* your widow! oh, never, never! All the mercy that there is in Heaven forbid it!" she answered, shuddering. "I could not survive you—no! not for a day—should you perish so! and yet I look to live many, many years!"

"Honora! why will you not see the truth? The fatal day is very near!"

"I know it. But the 'fatal' day will never come! Believe it, Godfrey. For, between this day and that, one of two things will happen. Either the real criminal, whom we already know to be conscience-stricken, will be constrained to appear, or, failing that, the governor will feel morally obliged to interpose, and save a man whose guilt even he must now doubt. Believe it, Godfrey; for on my soul *I* believe it!"

"Aye, Honora, you 'believe and—tremble,'" replied Mr. Dulanie, who calmly endeavored to lay aside hope for life, and prepare himself for death.

While these events were transpiring in the prison, a strange, dark, wild rumor was beginning to prevail outside.

It concerned Dr. Henry. In one respect this man had not "shammed." He was indubitably ill, both in mind and body. From the time of the funeral fate of Agnes Heine his health and spirits had utterly failed.

He neglected his profession, lost much of his practice, confined himself closely to his house, and seemed fast falling into a state of confirmed hypochondria.

Various were the causes assigned by the community for his deplorable condition. Some ascribed it to extreme grief for the loss of his wife. Others did not scruple to attribute it to remorse for his fatal prosecution of poor Agnes Heine. As time passed, the health and spirits of the morose hypochondriac grew worse and worse. His profession was now utterly neglected, his practice entirely lost. His time was passed in wandering through the solitary woods, and among the gloomy mountain gorges around his deserted dwelling, or else brooding in his chamber.

And from that lone mansion strange rumors reached the surrounding neighborhood. Old family domestics whispered of fearful sights and sounds seen and heard about that house. Some bolder than the rest hinted that the spirit of Agnes Heine haunted the dwelling of her destroyer. Others went further still, and said that if any one should listen at his chamber door, their morose master might be heard in the middle of the night pleading with the ghost of the martyred girl.

For some time these rumors were regarded as the romances of the negroes. But at length more serious attention was given to the subject when one day, as Mr. Willoughby was riding to Hawe's Hole, to make a call upon old Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer, he was met in the depths of the forest by Dr. Henry, who was walking along, and gazing wildly around. Laying his almost skeleton hand upon the bridle, he looked in the face of the rider, and asked—

"Parson, do you believe *the dead can walk?*"

"Why?" questioned Mr. Willoughby, in astonishment.

"Because *she* does."

"Who?" again inquired the clergyman, in consternation.

"*She—the dead woman!*"

"Your wife do you mean?" asked Mr. Willoughby, in a sort of horror.

"Hush! no, *the other one!*"

"Agnes?"

"Hush, I say!—Yes—*she comes every night!* Do you believe it?"

"I believe that you are very ill, and require medical treatment," replied the deeply shocked minister, gazing with pain upon the cadaverous complexion and fierce eyes of the other speaker.

"'Ill?'—hum; 'ill' has two meanings—ill, sick and ill, sinful. Now do you mean to say that I am very sick or very sinful?" asked the doctor, with a sardonic smile.

"Both, perhaps, and in either case you need a physician—of the soul or of the body—perhaps of both, as I said," replied the clergyman, gravely.

"A physician! where shall I get one? Heine and myself are the only physicians in this neighborhood. *This* physician," he said, clapping his hand upon his breast, "*this* physician can not heal himself. And as for Heine, he had rather kill than cure me! 'Ill,' indeed! 'physician,' forsooth! Good day, physician of the soul!"

And so saying, the lunatic—for lunatic Mr. Willoughby had now no doubt that he was—turned and disappeared in the woods.

And the minister, in sorrow and amazement, went on his way to the old house at Hawe's Hole, which was occupied by Mr. Hayhurst.

On arriving, he was at once shown into the sitting-room, where he found the old man alone, and suffering from rheumatism.

"I am sorry to find you so unwell, Mr. Hayhurst," said the pastor, after the first salutation had passed, and he had taken his seat.

"Yes, sir, and I am sorry to be so. It is not, however, because I am sick that I sent for you, Mr. Willoughby; but to consult you about the case of my employer."

"Dr. Henry?"

"Of course, sir; I think it is time he was looked to."

"What ails him?"

"It is more than I can tell, sir; but I doubt that he is losing his mind. You might have met him as you rode along, for he has just left here."

"I did meet him."

"And did he tell you——" said Hayhurst, suddenly pausing, and looking intently into the eyes of his visitor.

"He told me of some hallucinations that trouble his rest," replied the minister, gravely.

"And what do you make of them, sir?" inquired the farmer, anxiously.

"That he is partially deranged," answered Mr. Willoughby.

"Well, sir, I fear you are right; it is a satisfaction to have my own opinion confirmed. He has been here several times proposing to me to go home with him, and watch with him in his chamber through the night. What would you advise me, under the circumstances, to do?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Hayhurst, I should earnestly counsel you to do as he requests. Nay, I think it your imperative duty to do so."

"I am willing to follow your instructions, sir; though I cannot now see what I can do."

"Why this—by watching with him through the hours during which he fancies he sees the apparition, you can better observe the character and symptoms of the fit of phrenzy that must then come upon him, and you will be prepared to give some report of his case before the proper authorities."

"And for what purpose, sir? I don't understand."

"Why, for *this* purpose, certainly. If he is insane, then for his own safety and well-being, as much as for that of all around him, he should be placed under restraint and medical treatment. To have this effected, it is necessary that his condition should be proved by a competent witness. Now the negro servants by whom he is surrounded are *not* competent to give legal evidence in his case—hence the necessity of yourself or some other white man passing time enough with him to be able to testify to his state. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir; but it seems treacherous to go to his house for any such secret purpose!" said the farmer, with a dubious expression of countenance.

"Treacherous? Why should it be? Not at all! Would you have the poor, solitary sufferer grow worse for want of proper medical attendance? Or, supposing him insane, would you have him left at large to do himself or some other person a fatal injury?" inquired the minister, with surprise.

"Ah no, sir, by no means; and looking at it in your light, it may possibly be right that I should go and do as you advise me," replied the farmer, who, after some farther and unimportant debate and hesitation, yielded to the force of the minister's arguments, and promised to follow his directions.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SPECTRE BRIDE.

Avaunt and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless! thy blood is cold!
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with. SHAKSPEARE.

It was a few days after this occurrence, one dark and dismal evening, when the rain came on in fitful gusts, the wind wailed in rising and falling sobs, the lightning flashed at long intervals, and the thunder muttered sullenly—an evening having all the gloom without the glory of storm—that the minister sat alone in his study, engaged in writing his sermon for the next Sabbath morning, when there came a low rap at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Willoughby, without lifting his eyes from his work.

The door opened and some one entered.

And Mr. Willoughby looked up to behold, with surprise, Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer, who stood before him with an aspect so pale, frightened and wo-begone, that the worthy minister threw down the pen, started up and seized his hand, and gazing on him, exclaimed—

"Why, Hayhurst, my friend, what is the matter?"

"I do not know, sir, unless it is that I am going mad as fast as Doctor Henry!"

"Why—what mean you, then?"

"I watched with him last night."

"You did? And the result? Tell me all about it. But first of all—here, take this chair," said the clergyman, indicating a rocker that stood beside his own seat.

Mr. Hayhurst drew near, and dropped rather than seated himself in it.

"And now?" asked the minister, eagerly.

"I watched with him last night, as I told you, sir. He laid down in his clothes on the outside of the bed; I sat in an easy chair beside him. I could not persuade him to undress and get between the sheets; no! he said he *could not* until *she* had come and gone. We conversed but little, and that was in the early portion of the night. As the hours crept slowly by, the fire on the hearth, for want of replenishing, sank low; the little taper, in need of trimming, burned dimly; my companion lapsed into silence, and my own spirits fell to zero. I heard the clock strike TEN; then, after a long, dull, tedious interval, ELEVEN; then perhaps I dozed, for I did not hear it strike twelve, although it was just at that hour that I was horribly startled by hearing a long, low, wailing cry from the mouth of the man on the bed. Looking up, I saw Dr. Henry sitting on the bed, his face pale as death, his brow bathed in perspiration, his eyes strained out upon some object, to which his long arm and skeleton finger pointed. Following instantly the direction of his gaze and his finger to my horror and amazement I saw, as plainly as I see you now—will you believe me? shall I tell you—the apparition of Agnes Heine standing within the doorway! The image was clothed, not in the habiliments of the grave; but in the usual white dress worn in life; her pale face was cadaverous as that of an exhumed corpse; her wild, black locks straggled in disorder down upon her breast; her eyes were wide open, steady, frozen; her hand was raised to Heaven with an adjuring gesture.

"But my horror and amazement never reached its hight, until those stony eyes fixed themselves upon the face of Dr. Henry, and, with her hand still raised to Heaven, her frozen lips parted with the one thrilling word—

"'CONFESS!'

"At that word Dr. Henry sank back into a swoon, and the vision vanished!"

Here Hayhurst paused, while Mr. Willoughby gazed at him in dumfounded astonishment, not unmixed with suspicion and indignation, as a man might gaze upon a person who should dare to put his credulity to the severest test. Then speaking slowly, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the face of his visitor, he said—

"You—saw—the apparition of Agnes Heine—standing within the door of Dr. Henry's chamber—last night at twelve o'clock?"

"By all my hopes of Heaven, I did!" returned the other, without withdrawing his gaze.

"Man! man! you fell asleep and dreamed the whole thing!"

"Then Dr. Henry and myself dreamt the same dream at precisely the same hour!"

"You are mad!"

"That may well be! But if I am sane, as sure as I stand here before you—as sure as I speak in your presence, and am heard in Heaven—I saw the form that I have described to you, last night at twelve o'clock in the doorway of Dr. Henry's chamber," replied the visitor, with deep solemnity.

"And—after the swoon of Dr. Henry and the disappearance of the vision—what happened?"

"Why, as soon as I recovered the use of my limbs, and collected my scattered faculties, I went to the bedside, and sought to restore my friend to consciousness, not only for his own sake, but for mine, for it was terrible to be alone under such circumstances. But his swoon proved to be an obstinate one, and so, after working over him for some time in vain, I roused up the house servants."

"And what construction did their plain, good sense put upon this affair?"

"They seemed more frightened than surprised. John, the doctor's valet, who had been accustomed to sleep in his master's room, told me, with chattering teeth, that this event happened every night."

"What event?—his master's fit?"

"The vision of Agnes and the deathly swoon of Dr. Henry! And when, by our united efforts, we called the doctor to his senses, with great mental distress he confirmed his servant's words."

Mr. Willoughby shook his head slowly, and with an air of incredulity.

"You do not believe it?" exclaimed his visitor, with a look of pain.

"My friend," said Mr. Willoughby, solemnly, "I have no doubt that *you* believe all that you tell me. I am convinced that you act and speak in perfect good faith. But, in a case where I should distrust the fidelity of my own senses, you must forgive me if I can *not* accord full credence to those of others."

"Well, Mr. Willoughby," said the farmer, with an humbled look, "I did not, Heaven knows, come out this stormy evening only to astonish you with a marvelous and incredible story. I came to seek your aid and counsel for a sorely afflicted man, for whether you believe it or not, this prodigy occurs nightly, and is driving him mad!"

"Good neighbor, do not be angry with me! Certainly there is no need that I should assure you of my perfect faith in your truthfulness. But this of which you tell me is a case in which, as I said, I should doubt the evidence of my own eyes and ears. Such a prodigy—could such really, possibly exist—should be witnessed, not by one man, or even by two, but by many at one and the same time, that each might have the witness of others, and that all might feel sure that no deception had been practised. As for Dr. Henry, he has behaved exceedingly ill in persecuting to death a young and probably innocent girl. I do not like the man, still it is our bounden duty, both for his sake and for the well-being of others, to do what we can to ascertain his real condition, with a view to his relief."

"That was my only motive, sir, for troubling you at all."

"Well, Mr. Hayhurst, for the present do not mention this to any one. I will speak confidentially to Colonel Shannon, who is a magistrate, and we will consult as to the best course to be pursued," said the minister, with something of the air of dismissing his visitor.

The farmer so understood his manner, and arose to depart, saying—

"Well, sir, I will leave it to you, of course. Good night, sir."

"Not good night, Hayhurst, if you will go down stairs into the parlor, and pass the evening with Mrs. Willoughby and Dr. Heine. As for me, look at this manuscript! I have a night's work before me, and cannot join you; but see here, Hayhurst, not a word below stairs of the vision!" said the minister, solemnly.

"Oh, no, sir, no; and indeed I can only look in and say 'How d'ye do' and 'Good-bye' before going." And with a cordial shake of the hands the two parted.

But the story that Mr. Willoughby was so anxious to keep concealed got wind without the agency of Mr. Hayhurst. Dr. Henry, like a perturbed spirit, wandered over the neighborhood, both by day and night. And if, in his disturbed mood, he chanced to meet an acquaintance, he would be sure to stop and tell them of the awful spectre that visited his room at midnight. The house servants of Farquier also now spoke freely of those nightly prodigies. As the days passed, and that fixed upon for the execution of Godfrey Dulanie drew near, it was observed that Dr. Henry's symptoms of mania became greatly aggravated.

It was on Wednesday, the 26th of August, that Mr. Willoughby at length went over to Piedmont, and requested an interview with Colonel Shannon.

Being shown into the library, where the colonel sat alone, the minister closed the door and took a seat, and then and there repeated to the magistrate all that he had been told of the reputed prodigies at Farquier.

The old gentleman listened with grave attention, and at the close of the minister's story said—

"I have, for some months past, regarded Dr. Henry as a subject of lunacy. I had heard the report to which you allude, but thought that the reputed 'vision' existed only in the diseased brain of a madman, and that what the master *imagined*, the servants *believed*. Now, however, when you tell me that Farmer Hayhurst, an honest, truthful and practical man, believes that he also witnessed this prodigy, I have only to say that the whole thing is probably a piece of jugglery, got up by some enemy of Henry, for the torture of the poor solitary hypochondriac, and into which it is our duty to investigate. I propose, therefore, that you, Dr. Heine, if he can be persuaded, myself and Father Maraudy, as the four most interested, proceed to the house and watch through the night in his chamber. If this can be effected with perfect secresy, so much the more likely shall we be to unmask the imposture. What think you of this plan?"

"It has my entire approbation. It is just what I myself should have proposed," said Mr. Willoughby.

"We shall need the intervention of Mr. Hayhurst to obtain, if possible, the consent of Dr. Henry to our watching with him. Will you attend to that part of the business?" asked the colonel.

"With pleasure," answered the clergyman; "nor do I anticipate the least difficulty in obtaining Dr. Henry's ready concurrence in our plan. He seems rather anxious than otherwise for aid and comfort. All that we must guard against is wounding the self-love of the lunatic by appearing to make light of this illusion or imposture, as the case may be. I believe our interview is at an end now, sir?"

"Not if you will favor me with your company for the evening."

"Impossible! I must see Hayhurst this afternoon, to make the requisite arrangements with him."

"Then when shall I see *you* again on the subject?"

"Some time in the course of to-morrow," replied the minister, grasping and cordially shaking the hand of his old parishioner. And they parted.

The same day, according to agreement, Mr. Willoughby sought out Farmer Hayhurst, and opened to him the plan for investigating the mystery at Farquier. He found the way clearer than he could have dared to anticipate.

"Sir," said the old man, "the time has arrived when the interference of friends and neighbors is imperatively necessary. Dr. Henry is no longer able to direct his own life. Since the final decision of the governor in regard to Mr. Dulanie has been promulgated—since it is known beyond a doubt that there will be no second respite, and that the condemned man must suffer the extreme penalty of the law on Friday, Dr. Henry has passed every hour in alternate raving and stupor. He calls himself a murderer—a double, a treble murderer. Sir, Heaven forgive us all! but I sometimes fear there may be more than mere mania in his raving."

"Strange—strange and terrible! We may be able to see perhaps the meaning of all this. Have you watched with him since that night?"

"No, sir. Nor would I do it again alone for a mint of money. I will however very gladly join others in the duty."

"Do you think that there will be any difficulty in getting the doctor's consent to our doing so?"

"I repeat, sir, that the doctor is not in a condition to be consulted. I will go over as usual on the afternoon of Thursday, and remain there until you and your party arrive. And I will hold myself responsible for your being quietly installed in the chamber of the patient. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly, if you can really effect it."

"Certainly, I can and will. I hold myself bound to do it."

"Thursday—that is to-morrow evening, then, let it be."

"Yes—to-morrow evening."

"Good-bye until then."

"Good-bye, sir."

And the friends separated, until they should meet the next night in the haunted chamber of the monomaniac.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SPECTRE BRIDE.

"Oh, tell me, father, can the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living's head
Their blessing or their curse?
She comes to me each night;
The dried leaves do not feel her tread;
She stands by me, in the deep midnight,
In the white robes of the dead!"
WHITTIER.

The morning of the day upon which the committee of neighbors was to visit Farquier and test the condition of the invalid there, Colonel Shannon sat in his study buried in deep thought.

The old gentleman was not, through *all* his nature, the relentless judge which some of his acts might lead us to suppose. Proud conservator of rank he certainly was; and, as such, he had repulsed the pretentions of the penniless young lawyear, Godfrey Dulanie, to an alliance with his family. Stern denouncer of guilt he had shown himself to be upon the occasion of Mr. Dulanie's conviction.

But if once a suspicion that he had acted with injustice towards a persecuted man insinuated itself into his mind, Colonel Shannon was not one to shun the investigation of the truth. Such a doubt now possessed his thoughts. Many little incidents connected with the history of Doctor Henry—incidents which, taken singly, were of little moment, but when combined proved of great weight—now arranged themselves into a connected chain of probability, which raised in his mind grave suspicions of the doctor's integrity, and startling doubts of the condemned prisoner's guilt. And these doubts and suspicions once inspired, were necessarily acted upon.

Colonel Shannon arose and rang the bell and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to the door.

Then he hastily donned his riding-coat and hat, went out, mounted his steed, and rode rapidly on towards the county seat, where Governor Sterne was at that time tarrying. Two hours of hard riding through the mountain passes and across the wooded plains brought him to W.

He dismounted at the principal entrance of the village hotel, went in and inquired if Governor Sterne were still in the house.

Being answered in the affirmative, he asked for a private parlor and sent a note to his excellency, requesting the favor of an interview.

And a few moments after, the governor entered.

They met—they *always* met—as the best friends. Their political, religious, and social relations were all of the most harmonious nature. They shook hands cordially and sat down. After the usual compliments of the season, Colonel Shannon opened the business of the interview, by saying, with a grave smile:

"Your excellency has doubtless been sufficiently annoyed with the subject of Godfrey Dulanie not to desire that topic renewed?"

The governor replied by nodding and looking inquisitive.

"Nor should I have troubled you to-day," the visitor proceeded to say, "had not serious doubts, as to the criminality of that man, been forced upon my mind."

Governor Sterne looked surprised and disturbed, without however relaxing his inquisitive expression.

"Do not be alarmed, my friend; I have not come hither to petition for the respite which I understand has been finally refused."

"Yes; it has been," interrupted the governor.

"Very true; so I comprehended, without the slightest intention to seek to change your purpose; but that which I am about to request of your excellency you may possibly consider a still more improper favor," said Colonel Shannon, with some hesitation.

"Speak on, old friend, I beg you; you surely know that there is nothing in which I could serve you which should not be promptly attended to," said Governor Sterne, cordially.

"I thank you, sir. To my request then—your excellency has doubtless heard of the strange illness of our neighbor, Dr. Henry?"

"Certainly."

"And of the still stranger *rumors* connected with his illness?"

"Yes," said the governor, with a puzzled look.

"Very well! To-night a self-constituted jury of neighbors will assemble at his house and in his sick chamber, with a view to ascertaining the nature and extent of his malady—as, to whether and in what degree he may be insane——"

"Yes?" inquired the governor, with a look of interest.

"Well, I have an experiment to try. And I do entreat your excellency to believe that it is not impulsively, or without mature consideration, that I make the request which I am about to prefer, and which I fear you, sir, may consider as improper as it is unusual," said Colonel Shannon, earnestly.

"Well, well, old friend, there need not be, to any request from you to me, so very much of preface and introduction! I feel sure that you could not make an *improper* one, and as for the rest, if it be in my power to grant it, I will do so, however *unusual* it may be!" said the governor, heartily.

"Then I have to entreat your excellency to give an order that Godfrey Dulanie (in charge of the sheriff and his officers and under whatever precautions may be deemed necessary to his safe custody) be taken to-night from the prison cell to the chamber of the sick man at Farquier," said Colonel Shannon.

"That is indeed an unprecedented request!" replied the governor.

"It is drawn out by unprecedented exigency, sir."

"But to-morrow, between nine and twelve, this man is to die."

"I know it; and he can be returned to his prison in time to meet his doom."

"This is a most extraordinary demand!" again exclaimed the governor.

"I repeat that it is forced from me by extraordinary necessity."

"And that necessity?"

"Will explain itself! at least so I hope and believe. I beg that your excellency will grant my petition and await the result."

"The interest you take in this young man is altogether a new one, Colonel Shannon," said the governor.

"The interest that I take is not in Godfrey Dulanie, but in the cause of justice," replied the old gentleman.

The governor looked down and mused for a few moments; then raising his head, he exclaimed:

"Very well! 'I will take the responsibility!' It shall be as you say."

"I thank you earnestly! and—after the manner of encroaching human nature, I have *another* favor to ask—it is that you, sir, be of the party at Farquier to-night."

The governor dropped his chin upon his breast, mused a little while, and then looking up, replied, with a smile:

"Well, I see nothing to prevent me from making one of the committee—I will meet you there."

"I am deeply indebted to you, sir, for your promptness in granting favors which I trust that the result of this evening's visit will justify," replied the colonel, rising to take leave.

That same afternoon, Godfrey Dulanie and his devoted wife were alone together in his prison cell. They sat side by side upon the edge of the bedstead, with a little stand before them, upon which lay an open volume. They were engaged, as they had been for many heavy days previous, in reading the scriptures and in prayer.

The long pressure of an almost insupportable weight of sorrow had so benumbed their faculties that now indeed they were scarcely conscious of the awfulness of their position. With what power of feeling paralyzing grief had left her, Honora strove to hope, even "against hope." And blended with this feeling was a strange, but not unnatural, desire—a desire that may not be understood by the happy, but will be easily comprehended by the miserable—it was—that all this troubled life were once well over and the peace of the grave attained.

To-morrow he must die; she should surely follow him; and then, by the grace of Heaven, would come rest—eternal rest; it was all that they had to hope for; but was it not enough?

While filled with these despairing thoughts she sat, trying to listen to the gospel promises as they flowed in rich music from the lips of Mr. Dulanie, there came a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Mr. Wardour, who ushered in the sheriff and silently retired.

"Mr. Dulanie," said the latter, "I hold in my hand a singular order: it is for your conveyance under strong *guard* thence to Farquier, and in a few hours, thence back to the prison. By a provision of this order, however, it is left optional with you to go thither or not. The order is signed by his excellency the governor."

"And what is the object of this journey?" inquired Godfrey, in astonishment, which Honora fully shared.

"I have no authority to reply, sir; neither could I answer with any degree of certainty. But my private impression is, that, to advance some purpose of justice, you are to meet the governor and some other persons in the sick room of your relative, Dr. Henry, who is not expected to live."

Now Godfrey Dulanie was too much under the influence of habitual self-control to betray the wonder he felt at this unprecedented movement on the part of the authorities. He dropped his chin upon his breast and fell to speculating as to the cause. Soon lifting his head he inquired·

"When are we to set forth?"

"Within an hour, sir, the carriage will be at the prison gate."

"And—Mrs. Dulanie?" questioned the prisoner, noticing the pale face and anxious looks of his wife.

"I have no authority to bring Mrs. Dulanie, neither am I forbidden to do so. There is a seat in the coach at her service."

"I thank you, sir," said Honora, sincerely.

The sheriff then took leave, to give the prisoner and his wife an opportunity of preparing for the journey.

And, as agreed upon, in about three quarters of an hour they left the prison in a close carriage, strongly guarded, for Farquier.

The shadows of night gathered darkly over the face of the earth. Black clouds that had been mustering all the evening hung heavily upon the mountain's brow. All outward signs presaged an awful tempest.

In the gloomy mansion of Farquier, in a remote and darkened chamber, the remorseful master of the house lay, writhing under the terrors of a guilty conscience.

He was attended by one awe-stricken old negro servant, whose superstitious fears struggled with his habits of fidelity, and tempted him to escape from the haunted chamber. Yes—*haunted!* if not by the spectre of a murdered maiden, at least by guilty memories and remorseful terrors, most horrible to witness. But as often as poor John would sneak to the door, his master, dreading to be left alone for a moment, commanded him to come back.

As John for the twentieth time returned to his station by the bedside, a low rumbling of thunder passed over the house, echoed sullenly from the mountain caverns, and rolled away in the distance.

"What—what was that?" cried the guilty man, with suspended breath.

"Lor' bress you, marster, sir, it wer' nothing 't all 'cept de t'under," replied the negro.

"Thunder? No! it was a voice—*her* voice! Listen!" again said the sufferer, starting up in bed and bending forward towards the window on his right side, in an agony of attention.

"Bress you and sabe you, marster, *whose* voice?" exclaimed the frightened negro.

"Hers! *hers!* HERS! and it calls for vengeance!"

"Lor' be good to you, marster; say your prayers, and try for to 'pose your mind. Der want no voice, but de t'under and de storm."

"I tell you that *her* perturbed spirit rides the storm, and speaks in the thunder!"

"Marster, honey, der ain't no 'turbid spirit 'cept it is your own! *Do*, marster, chile, try to 'pose yourself, and say your prayers."

At this moment a deeper peal of thunder rolled along the mountain gorges, and the guilty man shrieked out—

"Close the shutters! Close them fast! She shall not enter here!"

"She don't want to come, marster. Lord 'liver us, she don't want to come!" gasped the old negro, shuddering, nevertheless, as he hurried to the windows—which were on the right side of the bed—and pulled in and secured the strong oaken shutters. Then he let fall the heavy moreen curtains, and having thus deadened the noise of the storm without, he returned to the side of his master.

The chamber was now quite dark, save for the low and smoldering wood-fire on the hearth, whose fitful flames flashed out a lurid light, and cast up weird leaping shadows on the walls and ceiling, projecting them in spasmodic starts over the bed of the sick man, who again sprang up, exclaiming—

"Mercy! mercy! The room is full of demons! Wretch—did you mean to drive me mad? Light the lamps to drive them away!"

"Marster! marster!" cried the old servant, in extreme distress—"do, pray, be reas'able. Don't a 'sponsible gentleman like you *know* as how spirits *can't* walk here? See here, marster, chile, listen to your old uncle as nussed you and your fader before you—*spirits don't 'pear to us!* 'Cause why? 'Cause good spirits in Heaven *wouldn't* come back if they could, and bad spirits in the opposite place *couldn't* if they would! Now I say how that's a knock-down argerment 'gainst ghosts *or* debils."

"Light the lamps, you villain! and don't stand there chattering!" screamed his master, for a commentary on his knock-down argument.

The terrified negro—terrified in spite of his own good reasoning powers, hastened to obey by applying a match to each of the old-fashioned lamps that garnished the ends of the mantlepiece, on the left side of the bed.

The lights falling across the figure of the sick man, revealed a face ghastly in its pallor, haggard in its emaciation, horrible in its expression. His senses seemed preternaturally acute, for though the thick, oaken shutters and heavy moreen curtains shut out all sound, yet ever and anon he started and listened with his wild eyes glaring upon the windows, as if he still heard the voice of his victim in the storm.

The clock struck nine.

On hearing it he started again, exclaiming:

"Hayhurst promised to come and stay with me to-night, but the storm keeps him back! Oh heaven——"

"Marster, neber you fear, honey! No storm neber keep ole Massa Hayhurst away. Dar! what I tell you? Dere's his knock now!" exclaimed the negro, starting up, with a grin on his face, overjoyed at the certainty of having a companion to share his weird night-watch.

"Admit him, admit him at once!" commanded his master, with eagerness in every tone and gesture.

The negro went and opened the door, and the farmer walked in, and went up to the bedside of the patient, saying kindly:

"I hope to find you better, sir."

"Better! better! how can I be better, when *her* avenging spirit walks the earth and floats in the air?"

"Tut, tut, tut; sick fancies, sir!"

"Sick fancies! *You yourself both saw and heard her!*"

"A dream. An optical illusion at worst!"

"Optical illusion! I tell you I have not seen her yet this night, but she is even now shrieking and shaking at the windows to get in! *Do you not hear her?*"

"I hear the thunder roar and the wind rave; but even these sounds come muffled through your manifold defences!"

"Ah! you hear *them*, but you do not hear *her* voice in them, as *I* do!——You will stay with me to-night?"

"Certainly, I came for that purpose."

"Well, then, you do not *now* hear her spirit raving to get in, as *I* hear it; but at *midnight*, her time of power, when neither bolt nor bar can keep her out, you will see her enter this room! even as you saw her once before," said the guilty man, in a voice half suffocated with horror.

"Doctor," said the farmer, sitting down on the bed, beside him, "I wont dispute you. I saw, as you yourself said, *something* strange and unaccountable, in this very room, at midnight!"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! You did! You own it!" ejaculated the sufferer, in a succession of gasps.

"Well, now, whether a ghost, devil, dream, or delusion, it is a terrible visitation for you to suffer, all alone, night after night."

"Terrible? Oh *how* terrible, God only knows!"

"And you would like that the mystery should be thoroughly sifted and tested—as to whether the vision be really 'ghost, devil, dream, or delusion?'"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! but who shall do it?"

"A few of your good friends and neighbors, hearing of your condition, and feeling deeply interested in your welfare, have braved the storm, this evening, to come hither and watch with you in your chamber, to investigate this affair."

"Who are they? who are they?" asked the patient, in doubt, fear and suspicion.

"Colonel Shannon, Father Maraudey, Mr. Willoughby, and General Sterne," answered the farmer, thinking it wiser to suppress the name of Ernest Heine, and being totally ignorant of the expected arrival of any others.

"Let them come—yes! let them come! Let them see the spectre, or prove it to be a creation of my brain! I know there are optical illusions! I wish this, that is killing me, were one! but it is not! it can not be! for you also saw it! and no two persons were ever at the same time the subject of the same visual illusion!"

"Now I do not *know* that! *that* remains to be proved! but—shall I invite our friends up?"

"Oh yes, yes; in this case indeed there is safety in numbers," replied the sick man, who even since the arrival of Mr. Hayhurst had become much calmer.

The good farmer left the room for the indicated purpose.

After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, he returned, accompanied by General Sterne, Colonel Shannon, Mr. Willoughby and Father Maraudey. Dr. Heine, by the advice of the farmer, remained for the present in the hall adjoining.

The gentlemen approached the bedside of the invalid, who quietly thanked them for their visit, and calmly replied to their questions in regard to his health.

"Why, he seems as sensible as any man," whispered Colonel Shannon, in surprise, to Mr. Hayhurst.

"A reaction from excitement, sir; a lucid interval, nothing better; you will see something very different before the night is past," replied the farmer, in the same low voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Landsman and the Seaman.—Man scarcely affords a wider range for development in his intellectual than in his physical nature. There is hardly a wider moral difference between the mature philosopher and the schoolboy than exists physically between the town-bred, lounging dandy and the seaman, inured to effort, hardship, and danger from his childhood; the former suffers acutely from a scratch or bruise, the latter seems almost insensible to any external injury short of that which maims him; he has become, as it were, annealed in the fire of adversity, and is indifferent to sufferings that would be agonizing to untried nerves.

Goodness and Genius.—Genius and goodness are inseparably connected in mental origin. Genius is essentially a moral—nay, a religious power. The difference between genius and talent is perhaps included in the necessary conscientiousness of the former. Talent *may* be conscientious—genius *must* be so. Nobility of purpose, the truest and most patient sympathies, must combine in a work that is to penetrate, elevate, and subdue the hearts of mankind. If we rise from a book with no sacred and solemn emotions, no deep sense of human relationship and sympathy, we have not been in communion with genius.

The Changes of Life.—Cicero says, as the mind, by foreseeing and preparing for grief, makes all grief the less, a man should consider all that may befall him in his life; and certainly the excellence of wisdom consists in taking a near view of things, and gaining a thorough experience in all human affairs; in not being surprised when anything happens, and in thinking, before the event of things, that there is nothing but what may come to pass. Wherefore, at the time that our affairs are in the best situation, at that very moment we should be most thoughtful how to bear a change of fortune.

POWER OF HAPPINESS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Wonderful! the recuperative power of the human heart.

Enter any scene of festivity, any concert or lecture-room, or a family circle, and look about upon the serene or the mirthful faces there. Would you think (if you had come from some planet where such things were unknown) that there was, or ever had been, death or sorrow in the world? Can it be possible that those merry words and that (*not* forced but) heart-sent laughter can come from those who have known the agony of disappointment and bereavement in their most painful forms?

Here is a pleasant gathering of friends—a social tea-party. How smiling and happy they all appear. The witty remark, the pun, the gay anecdote, the sly joke go round. The interest of each one is, for the hour, absorbed in the passing scene.

Behold that fair girl teasing and flirting with the tall, laughing youth in the corner—her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with fun and mischief. But her garments are black as night. She is fatherless. Six months ago, this evening, she was groaning with anguish over the body of one of the most tender fathers that ever blessed the childhood and youth of maiden. She was his pet and idol, and when he died she *thought* her heart was broken.

The youth, one year ago, was made wretched, as he thought, *for life*, by the sudden, violent death of his beloved twin brother.

That maiden lady of forty, through whose fingers flies the hasty yarn, at the rate of dozens, perhaps hundreds, of yards per hour, and who is talking politics with such spirit and power, has seen one lover drowned before her eyes, heard him shout her name, and saw him turn on her his eyes as he went down to his death; and has had the mortification of making ready to marry a second, who, at the last moment, was caught by the brothers of another lady-love, and forced to marry *her*.

She let go her hold then, as she did before, of all her interest in the things of life, but you see she has taken it again.

That man, yet young—his hat out in the entry has a weed upon it—has buried a wife that he loved, and two sweet, darling children—but he looks round-faced and content with his lot. Though he *does* cast a good many glances at the maiden in the corner. She knows it, too, and flirts more zealously than ever with her companion.

That sweet-faced matron in the snowy cap—how calm and smiling is her aspect. Yet she has been down to the depths of sorrow. Many a fair babe has she laid from her bosom into the coffin and the grave—one young daughter she saw die, raving in terrible despair, because of the falsehood of one in whom she had placed her trust; one brave, young son has fallen, shot through the heart by his sister's destroyer, who then went coolly to his hotel, and taking his things, departed for Mexico, where his regiment was ordered; and one has died in her arms, of consumption. All this was years ago, and the mother of ten is now dwelling with the only two that remain. She is lifted up above her sorrows, and her life is peace; in her heart is true happiness, for it was given her from Heaven.

That hale and hearty man, whose laugh makes all the rafters ring, and all the company start, and who is such a favorite with all, has a son shut up in prison.

The woman who smiles quietly to see the sport go on, has passed a score of years in torment, caused by a husband who deserved hanging twice every day in the year. He has gone "to his own place" now, and the captive is free; and now that, after two years of effort to do so, she can *realize* the blessed fact, she is happy.

That small, amiable-looking man, with half a dozen white hairs about the sides of his shining pate, was for years and years cowed and henpecked by a termagant six feet high. (Why *will* small men so often venture large wives?) She, too, has become quiet at last; and her poor, little husband has found peace—when he can rid himself of the impression that she *may* still be lurking about, ready to spring forth upon him.

Last, though, *perhaps*, not least of all, those two curly-headed urchins, who are now so full of mirth and enjoyment that they cannot stand upright, were, only this very forenoon, writhing under a very grievous spanking.

In few things is the goodness of our God more clearly seen than in the rapidity with which tears turn to smiles, and anguish into joy, in this uncertain life.

Were it not so, the whole world would soon resound with groans, and the sound of songs and laughter would depart forever. Thank God for the power to forget.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

In the flush and brilliancy of early married love, the first faint impressions of the future husband and wife commence. As lovers, their separate dispositions were in a state of pleasant antagonism; as a wedded pair, they are presumed to be amalgamated, and form an entirety which recognises mutual pleasures, mutual interests, advantages, and concessions, as the basis of their mutual happiness. The husband, then, even in the dawn of his marital bliss, should begin to create in his wife's mind those favorable sensations which are the precursors of those more solid ideas which bind woman to man—by that strong, invisible intercommunion of soul which only death can interrupt. This obligation is equally imperative on the wife. In the hey-day of her husband's love, while his heart beats responsive to her every wish, and his mind is a fair tablet on which none but summer thoughts are engraved, she should begin the study of his character, so that when the necessity arises she may be able to accommodate her own more plastic one to it, without effort or inconvenience. Indeed, with both of them this should early be an object of anxiety, so that gradually there should grow up between them a conciliatory predisposition of tone and manner which, when brought into requisition, would appear more a habit than a duty. Both husband and wife object to anything that looks like compulsion; they each turn away from even a duty, when clothed in repelling garments; and from this it will be apparent how necessary it is that the soil of their tempers, and peculiar mental and moral idiosyncracies, should as early as practicable be sown only with those seeds which in after years will yield the sweet-smelling flowers that shed such a delicious perfume over hallowed and long-tried wedded love.

Glorious Times for the Ladies.—In the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady of high or low degree should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her he was heavily fined, according to the value of his wordly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

ARCHIE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

He fell asleep when the sunset skies
Were bright with the glorious bloom that lies
On the amaranth hills of Paradise.

Calmly the beauty of eve serene
Stood fronting the sea—and the breezy green
Where the purple steps of the day had been.

We parted away the golden hair
From the baby's brow so still and fair—
And printed our love in kisses there.

We kissed him, asleep in his childish grace;
We dropp'd white buds on his smiling face,
Where never a sin had left its trace.

A light fell out of the solemn sky—
A glitter of wings—and thus knew I
When the beautiful angel—Death—went by

AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It had been arranged between George Barton and myself that we would visit Europe together; but when the time came a matter of important business kept me at home. George offered to wait until I could go, but as I knew he had friends in Italy whom he was anxious to see, I urged him to go, and he finally concluded to do so. But before he went I obtained from him a promise that he would write to me as often as he could, and be sure to give me a faithful account of all his adventures. I accompanied him to Boston, and saw him safely off in one of the Cunard steamers for Liverpool.

In due time I received a letter from my friend. He had reached London in safety. Six weeks were spent in England, and though his letters were interesting enough to me, yet they contained little calculated to interest others. At length I received a package from him, containing a letter occupying ten pages of closely written foolscap, and four newspapers. The letter was dated at Paris, and gave the particulars of an adventure so strange and startling that I have deemed it worthy of print. The first page of the document was devoted to an account of his passage from England to France, and having informed me of his safe arrival in Paris, he proceeds:

"As soon as I reached the city I made my way to the *Hotel des Princes*, where I hoped to find some Americans who had been stopping there; but I was disappointed. They had left the day before, and I was the only American in the house; but I knew there were plenty of my countrymen at other places, and I resolved to hunt them up on the next day, and change my quarters. It was too late now to think of moving that day, and as I was a perfect stranger, and cared not to trust strangers, I concluded to remain in doors for the night, and employ my time in writing.

"Accordingly I went to my room and arranged my escritoire, and sat down to my work. I had written an hour when some one rapped upon my door, and as I supposed it must be some servant or *attache* of the hotel, I simply said, 'Come in,' and upon this a boy entered, closing the door after him. He was quite young—not over fifteen or sixteen—and had a bright, intelligent look, though he evidently belonged to the lower grade of society. He glanced about the room with an easy, unconcerned look, and then approached my desk.

"'Is this Mr. Barton?' he asked, in French.

"I told him that was my name.—You know I can speak French almost like a native.

"'Do you know a Mr. Edgar Bunnell? He is a countryman of yours,' pursued the boy.

"I did know such a man, having seen him freqently in our own city; and I furthermore knew that he had been stopping in Paris, as I had seen his name registered. So I replied that I had seen such a man.

"'Well, sir,' the youngster continued, 'he is very anxious to see you. He was taken suddenly sick while walking alone in the Rue Saint Victor, and is now in the house of a perfect stranger. He said he had heard that there were Americans stopping here, and he hired me to come and see.'

"'And what then?' I asked.

"'Why—does not monsieur see? The poor man is sick abed, and he would see a friend—a countryman. I asked him if he was sure I could succeed, and he said if I found an American he would not fail to come. You are the only American I can find here. Will you go?'

"'But where is the Rue Saint Victor?'

"'Only a few steps from the river—it leads direct to the Halle aux Vins.'

"'But how far from here?'

"'Perhaps fifteen minutes' walk, if you can walk as quickly as I can.'

"'When was Mr. Bunnell taken sick?'

"'This very afternoon.'

"How could I refuse to go? There was a countryman, in a strange land, suddenly stricken down, and he needed a friend. Of course I must go. I looked at the boy, and was sure he was honest. I told him I would go. Yet I would not venture out in such a city unarmed, and I went to my dressing-case and took my pistol. It was one of Colt's revolvers, and had six barrels. I knew they were all carefully charged, for I had examined them only a few hours before. I put this in my pocket, unseen by the boy, and then put on my hat and light over-coat. I had no thought of danger particularly, but I knew how many dangers might come unexpectedly in such a place. But, danger or no danger, I could not hesitate, for not on any account would I have had it said that a countryman appealed to me in his helplessness, and I would not listen.

"When all was ready, I turned down the gas, and bade the boy lead the way. We were not long in reaching the river, which we crossed by the Pont Notre Dame, as I could tell by seeing the huge old cathedral looming up in the darkness above the murky gaslight. We were soon threading a labyrinth of narrow streets, and I had as much as I could do to keep my guide in sight.

"'I can walk slower if monsieur wishes,' said my companion, as he came nigh getting away from me in a crowd.

"'No,' I returned. 'I can keep up. But how much farther have we to go?'

"'Only a little way.'

"How far we had come, or what direction we were taking, was more than I could tell. All I knew was, that I was hurrying through a wilderness of houses, and that thousands of others were doing the same. Finally we entered a narrow, dark street, through which few people were moving, and when my guide stopped it was before an old building, the door of which was level with the street, and in one corner of the structure.

"'They'll expect me, so I won't ring,' he said, as he pushed the door open.

"We entered a long, vaulted hall, the only light to which came from a small lamp which stood within a niche by the stairs. This lamp the boy took, and then said, if I would follow him he would lead me at once to Mr. Bunnell's room. We ascended the stairs, and thence passed through a narrow way which seemed to run half around the building in a circular course. I was beginning to get tired of this long travel, when the boy turned into a new channel, and commenced the descent of a flight of stairs.

"'Hold on!' I cried. 'How is this?'

"'O,' the fellow replied, with perfect composure, 'we had to come through the upper part, because there's other families live in the lower part of the front. It's only a step now.'

"I confess I began to have some misgivings; but I would not turn back now, so down the stairs I went, and at the foot I found a low passage, which we followed for some dozen yards, when my guide stopped before a door, which he opened. I passed in after him, and saw him place his lamp upon a table.

"'Mr. Bunnell is in there,' he said, pointing to a door at the other end of the apartment. 'You can go and see him while I go and call master.'

"Without waiting for a reply, he slipped out and closed the door after him. My first impulse was to follow him and call him back; but upon second thought I concluded to go in and see Mr. Bunnell. So I took up the lamp, and went to the door which had been pointed out. It opened easily, and I passed through, but I saw no one. There was a little cot-bed in one corner, but no one was upon it. The room was of medium size, with two doors, but not a window of any kind. The floor was of brick tiles, and the walls seemed to be of stone, or some hard cement. Where was Mr. Bunnell?

"Ah—perhaps he was in the next room; so I went to the other door, and as I approached it I saw that there was a lock upon it, and that the key was in its place. I tried the latch, and the door was opened without the use of the key; but I had taken only one step beyond when I started back in horror. The place was not over eight feet square, and upon the floor lay a female form, with the face, pale and ghastly, turned towards me! The rays of my lamp fell strongly upon the marble-like, reflective features, and I saw that the eyes had started from their sockets, and that the tongue protruded from between the white lips!

"For some moments I was so horror-stricken that my senses seemed almost to forsake me; but when I did think, my first movement was to see if the girl was really dead. I stooped over the form and touched it—and found it stiff and cold. She could not have been over seventeen, and had a face and form of considerable beauty. Her dress was rather poor, and her left forefinger bore the marks of the needle. Around her neck was a dark, livid circle, where she had been strangled! There was nothing else in the room that I could see then—no door, save the one by which I had entered, and no window.

"Of course my next object was to make my escape from this place. Whether I had been brought here to be robbed and murdered, or whether there was a plan on foot to fasten the murder of the girl upon me, I could not tell, nor did I stop long to reflect. I hurried out from the place, through the other two apartments, to the door by which I had entered from the passage. I placed my hand upon the latch, but it would not give. I tried again and again, but with no better success. The door was not only locked, but so stoutly and securely that I very soon made up my mind that I could not force it. It was made of solid oak plank, and was immovable.

"Up to this moment I had been timid and terror-stricken, but my temper became sharpened now. I felt just angry enough to desire a few moments' private interview with the party who had caused all this. Of course I knew the boy could be only an agent, or tool, and I hoped his master, or masters, would make their appearance. Do not think that I would have you believe that I was without fear: I was very fearful, for I knew my life was in danger. The very horrors of the place would have made any man fearful. But I was not tremulously so. I was calm and collected, and my little six-barreled friend gave me a vast deal of confidence.

"After listening awhile, and hearing no sound, I resolved to go back and see if I could discover anything upon the person of the dead girl by which I could learn who she was. I was startled again when I saw her, for I never beheld another such ghastly sight. I have seen men killed—I have seen men shattered almost in pieces—but that pale, marble face, with the bursting eyes and protruding tongue standing out like fiend-marks to mar its beauty—and the place, and the circumstances, too, conspired to render it horrible enough beneath the murky glimmer of my lamp.

"However, I stooped down and turned the body partially upon its side, and, in doing so, I hit the edge of the door, which swung into the room, and threw it almost to. At the same moment I saw a pocket-book upon the floor, which had been concealed by the flowing dress, and at once picked it up. It was well worn and soiled, and I knew it to be the property of a man, and not of the girl who had died. It smelled rank of tobacco and garlic, and had surely seen some service. Upon opening it I found several old papers, but no money. Perhaps these papers might give me some light upon this dark subject. The first which I examined was a memorandum of some sort, but in such hieroglyphics that I could make nothing of it. The second, however, was of some import; and when I had thoroughly decyphered it I had light enough. The following is a literal translation of it:

"'One body to Dr. M. de V., (Male) - - 40f.
"'One body to Dr. S., (Female) - 35f.
"'One body to Dr. Z., (Female) - 35f.

"Was it not plain enough now? The whole plot was unfolded to me as clearly as could be. I was to be made food for the dissecting-knife of some studious doctor, and was already in the trap! And my body would be sold for forty francs! My soul knocked out—my wind stopped—and all for that paltry sum! My soul, what a price for a murder! But then the body-catchers might get some perquisites beside. Ah—yes—surely. I had over two hundred francs in gold in my pocket; and my clothes, and jewelry, and watch were worth over twelve hundred more. But they wouldn't make much by the strangling of the poor girl, for her garments would hardly have paid for the trouble of getting them off. But—hark!

"I had just returned the ghostly memorandum to the wallet, and put the latter into my pocket, when I heard the outer door open. As I said before, I had nearly closed the door of the vault in which I stood when I turned the body over, and now I shut it entirely, being careful to make no noise, and placed my ear at the key-hole. In a few moments I heard the voices of two men in the adjoining apartment.

"'Hallo—his light's gone out,' said one.

"'*Hola! Hola-ho!* Monsieur, your countryman is here!'

"'Is he on the bed?'

"'No.'

"'*Pardieu!* is he gone? Didn't the boy bring him here?'

"'Certainly he did. Eugene could have made no such blunder.'

"'He can't have gone in THERE!'

"'No—I locked the door myself.'

"'*Peste!* There's the key in the lock now. *Sacre!* he'll know his fate!'

"'Careful! Let's see.'

"The fellows stopped speaking, and I heard them advance towards the door of the vault. They stopped and whispered a moment, and I could make out the words '*easy*,' '*club*,' '*rope*,' '*hist!*' and some other expressions, all of which went to prove that the two villains meant to despatch me as quickly as possible. I held my pistol firmly and steadily, for my nerves were as immovable as were those of the dead girl at my feet. I heard a hand upon the latch—the door was pushed slowly open, and a lamp poked in.

"'He isn't here!' said the man with the lamp, in a perplexed tone.

"'Have we lost all that?' cried the other, angrily.

"The first speaker had not entered far enough to peep into my corner when he spoke, but presently he put his head further in, and as his temple came within range, I sent a bullet through his brain, and with a single gurgling gasp he fell forward at my feet. The second man hesitated but an instant, and leaped in with a heavy club raised ready for a blow. But he came upon a man prepared for him. My pistol was within six inches of his head as he turned, and as the cracking report of charge number two died away, he lay atop of his companion, with a bullet-hole in the place of his right eye!

"I only stopped to see that both men were dead, and then, having seen that the four remaining barrels of my pistol were ready for use, I grasped it in my right hand, picked up the lamp with my left, and started from the horrid place. I found the doors open, or, at least, unlocked, and, without meeting a soul, I made my way to the street, being careful to take particular notice of the house. At the first respectable-looking shop I stopped, and hired a boy to conduct me to my hotel, which we reached a little after ten. Then I told the landlord of my adventure, and he went with me to the Prefect of Police, to which functionary I told my story over again. It was a happy discovery for him, for he told me the sous-prefets had been after that very trap for two weeks, having received reliable information that such a horrible den was in existence.

"I gave the name of the street, and half-a-dozen officers conducted me thither, when I readily pointed out the house. We made our way to the vault where I had left the dead, and all three bodies were still there. But not a living soul could we find in the whole house. The boy had fled, and if others had been there, they had fled, too. The only thing to be found implicating any one was the memorandum I had in my possession, and upon the strength of that six physicians have been arrested. The police are still upon the scent, and I think they have got a clue to the boy, as one of the sous-prefets has just been in to get a more thorough description of him from me.

"At first I wondered how the rogues could have found me so readily; but of course they could find my name upon the register, and see thereby that I was a new-comer. And from this register, too, they can easily learn all they wish. They are keen chaps. However, when the case comes to trial, I will give you all the particulars. And—you must make the most of this adventure, for I don't mean to have any more such, if I can possibly avoid it."

TO MY FRIEND.

BY "HATTIE."

For years and years thy pleasant face
Haunted my wandering way
Without a hint of what, at last,
Thy daring lips would say.

And not one dim foreshadowing
Of that great mystery,
Now lying on us like a spell,
Was ever seen by me.

How strange are all the ways of life!
And, oh! how full of fear!
How *surely* trembling goes with love,
And sorrow follows near.

Ah! were we two to join our hands,
And heart to heart to tell
Of what thy fond words warmly paint,
Oh! *friend*, it were not well.

A moment's joy, and years of pain;
One smile, and many tears;
Claspings and kisses, parting sighs;
Then endless lonely years.

This were the dear-bought happiness
Thy granted wish would gain;
And as I truly value thee,
Thy wish must be in vain.

ALGERNON THE MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The day closed, and Algernon, the merchant, turned thoughtfully from his counting-room, and took his way homeward. Almost without intermission, since morning, had he been absorbed in his money schemes, gathering in golden sheaves of wealth from the harvest fields of trade.

"Am I happier for all this?" he said, questioning with himself; "does the larger increase add to my pleasure? Do houses and lands bring peace of mind, or ships upon the ocean a tranquil spirit? Rather do not all these things multiply cares? Is my sleep sounder than it was twenty years ago, or my heart lighter?"

Away back into the past went his thoughts, as the last sentence was uttered, and he remembered the time when, with the closing of day, he could dismiss the day's business, and find a pure delight in the humble home where wife and children welcomed his return with gladness. Now, his magnificent dwelling was as little enjoyed as a prisoner's cell, for his affections were not there, but winging their way, with his thoughts, afar off to distant seas or strange lands, or hovering about amid brilliant schemes golden with the promise of untold wealth.

Algernon sighed as he contrasted days gone by with the present, and his heart acknowledged that he was happier then than now. The merchant was in a softer mood than usual, and it was well for the half-starving woman, whose white face looked into his imploringly, that it was so. She had thrown herself, almost desperately, in his way, just as he turned from the crowded thoroughfare into a less frequented street, not far from his luxurious home, and with this appeal—

"If you have children, sir, pity mine."

"What of your children?" asked the merchant, as he stood still, and looked into the woman's pale, pleading face, down upon which the rays of a gas-lamp fell, and showed its lines of sorrow and suffering.

"They are hungry, and I have no food for them; they are sick, and I cannot get them medicine."

"Is this true?" said the merchant, half in doubt. Such extremity seemed almost impossible to him.

"Come and see! O, sir, come and see!" Hope, doubt, anguish, all blended in that mother's voice.

"Where is your home?" asked Algernon.

"Only in the next street," was replied.

"I will go with you. Lead the way."

Hurrying on before with rapid feet went the eager woman; following, with a quicker movement than usual, came the merchant. They were soon at an old pile of buildings, not far from the place of meeting. The woman entered, and Algernon followed. The sight that met his eyes stirred all the man within him, and awakened his utmost pity. A sick child, with hollow cheeks, waxen face, and large, glistening eyes, lay upon an old quilt on the floor; another wan-looking child sat crouching in the chimney corner, trying to warm her half naked body by the almost imperceptible heat of a few dying coals; while a third, not over six years of age, stood on the other side of the fireplace, mumbling at a bone from which it was impossible to extract nutrition.

"It is even so!" said the merchant, as he glanced in painful surprise about the room. Then he gave the woman money, and told her to go quickly for food to nourish her children, and fuel to warm them. Nor did humanity end its good work here. He went to a store in the neighborhood, and purchased beds and bed clothing for the destitute family, and saw these comforts conveyed to the room they occupied, and the children, after being warmed and fed, laid in them, with their faces full of wonder and gladness.

In a single half-hour Algernon, the merchant, had changed the cold, desolate home of a poor widow into what, to her and her children, was now a Paradise of comfort. There was a large, glowing fire upon the hearth, making the air of the room rosy with light and genial with warmth. Added to a few broken chairs and an old table, which made the only furniture of the apartment, were two plain bedsteads, with beds and warm clothing laid over them, giving their promise of rest and comfort in the long, cold nights. Flour, meal, meat, bread, sufficient to supply the little family for weeks, were piled up in one corner, and the mother crumpled tightly in her hand a slip of paper containing an order for fuel enough to last the winter through.

"May He who pities the widow and the fatherless be better to you than this, even a thousand fold," said the woman, as Algernon was leaving. Her eyes were full of tears, but the heart's warm glow of thankfulness was on her face and in her voice. "And may the memory of this good deed go with you as a blessing through life."

An hour later, and the merchant sat alone in one of the luxurious apartments of his palace-home. A book lay on the table beside him, and his hand rested upon an open page. He had been reading, and this sentiment had arrested his attention, and given his thoughts a new direction—"We only possess what we have bestowed." At first the strangely sounding apothegm struck him as a paradox.

"Possess only what we have bestowed!" said he, talking with himself. "How can I possess what I have given to another? The thing is absurd. And yet this writer is not in the habit of uttering absurd things. What does he mean?"

Algernon turned to the book again and read on. "Only what we enjoy do we really possess." He lifted his eyes from the page again, and mused on this other proposition.

"There is truth somewhere here—a newer and higher truth than my thought has yet apprehended," Algernon talked on again with himself. "I have acquired great possessions—are they enjoyed? Am I happier now than when my wealth could be told in half the figures it now takes to record the sum? I have lands, houses, ships, gold, merchandise—do I really possess them?—that is, in this sense of enjoyment? Do they not, in fact, weigh heavier upon my spirit with each new accumulation, making possession but a mockery?"

From ships and merchandise, houses and lands, the thought of Algernon turned to the widow and her children, relieved from suffering under the sudden activity of an impulsive benevolence.

Instantly a glow of pleasure warmed his heart, and a thrill of delight went trembling to the very centre of his being. Thirty dollars had this good deed cost him in money; and, already, he was in the possession of higher enjoyments therefrom than all his day's large accumulations had given.

"This I possess!" he said, with rising enthusiasm. "This I have for all time, and for all eternity, a source of perennial pleasure. Moth cannot corrupt it, fire cannot burn it, thieves cannot break through and steal it away. I can lay me down in the grave, and yet not lose my hold upon it. Is not this possession in its sublimest sense?"

Then the thoughts of Algernon went back upon his life, turning the pages of memory, and searching for the good deeds he had done. They were "few and far between," but around each was a halo that illumined the whole page. Side by side with the good deeds, were recorded the gains of the merchant; but always some other memory shadowed these records of gain, and robbed them of blessing.

"These—these," said the merchant, as his thoughts returned to the present, "are my only real possessions. And yet how few they are—how poor I am! Algernon, the rich merchant, has made small accumulations, indeed! But, thanks to the Moralist, he has found the way that leads to another El Dorado."

A PLAIN TRUTH.

No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or improvident matches seldom turn out well: poverty comes, and there is so much self-reproach on either side, that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish themselves unmarried. But when trials assail an attached, a reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer: the man, feeling how much depends on him, never flags in his exertion, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times, there are few commercial men but have met with reverses; and they will often say, "Had it not been for those at home, I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it." Wife and children! they are a beacon to us in our troubled sea: we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and at last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cooled or reproachful—when the cruellest doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us; at home we are still dear.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—An American write says: "We are born in a hurry; we are educated with speed; we make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like-manner, to re-make and to re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, traveling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

A WEDDING.

A wedding is a pretty sight, and there are few things we enjoy more. We must be very hard pressed for time when we pass a church, with any suspicious matrimonial signs about it, without peeping in. Curtail it as we may, marriage is a solemn rite, an awful obligation.

A bride—even the plainest—is interesting for the nonce. From the loveliest daughter of our republican aristocracy, who delicately ungloves her taper fingers, to the servant-girl who displays her labor-hardened, red hand, the pervading beauty of woman then makes itself felt. It is astonishing, too, how self-possessed they all are. The man looks sheepish, frightened, half ashamed, half sorry; but the very importance of the moment gives the bride firmness; her heart is in the service—she forgets all petty considerations, and she goes through it gracefully. This is an inherent gift in the sex, not only in weddings, but in all solemnities where any display is required.

Her husband, now that he has made the plunge, is no longer shivering on the brink—regains his composure, and begins to look as if this really would be the happiest day in his life. He takes pride in his choice; you see at last that his was a free-will offering—that he was not the victim his doleful, nervous appearance had led you to suspect. His eye beams as it rests on the sweet companion by his side, who has so fully given her heart—committed her fate to him; and for that day, at least, he is sincere in his promise that, as far as in him lies, she shall never have cause to repent her trust.

The bride!—a thousand conflicting feelings agitate her; she would not leave him for worlds; but her heart sinks within her as she remembers that the paternal roof is no longer her home. The words—those solemn words—still ring in her ear; she is now his wife! What a host of duties these words, husband and wife, convey to the thinking mind; wo to those who enter on them lightly!

To live yourselves, you hope for life in the most intimate companionship—to have one heart, one mind—to study each other's character, and adapt yourselves to their idiosyncracies—to walk hand in hand through life, battling its storms together, gilding them with love's sunshine—working for and with each other, strengthening failing hopes, gently chastising faults, preserving our own principles in the hour of trial, and supporting those of our comrade—resigning our own wishes in mutual anticipation of the other's: this is marriage.

It is not, as silly girls and boys would think, an excuse for freedom of will—a plea for increased importance; it is a voluntary entrance on the serious business of life. Our duties are by it multiplied; and, if we choose, our pleasures also. Yet, by our own faults, that state which should redeem us—which was granted as the highest gift to man—is degraded and obscured. Men and women marry without fitting preparation; they enthusiastically snatch up the cross; it becomes a heavy burthen, which they can no longer lay down.

ANIMAL PROGNOSTICS.

The lower animals in a state of nature, or exposed in the open fields, are very susceptible of atmospheric changes. Sheep eat greedily before a storm, and sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high parts of their range, when they bleat much in the evening, or during the night, we may expect severe weather. Goats seek a place of shelter, while swine carry litter, and cover themselves better than ordinary before a storm. Frost is foretold by the cat scratching a post or wall; and a thaw, when she washes her face, or when frogs come from their winter concealment. The gathering of grouse into large flocks, the diving of sparrows in dry dust, the fluttering of wild ducks as they flap their wings, the dismal, lengthened howl of sea-gulls in an inland place, or around lakes, the mournful note of the curlew, the shrill whew of the plover, the whet-whet-whet of the chaffinch perched upon a tree, the crowing of the cock at unusual times—all prognosticate rain or snow. When the fieldfare, redwing, starling, swan, snow-fleck, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, it indicates an early and severe winter. When gnats bite very keenly, when flies keep near the ground (shown by swallows that feed upon the wing flying low) we look for wind and rain. But the most wonderful influence of atmospheric changes is upon those creatures that burrow in the ground. The earthworm appearing in abundance indicates rain. In like manner the mole seems to feel its approach, as a day or two before he raises more hillocks than usual; and when, after a long, severe frost, he begins again to work, it will soon become fresh. The effects of electricity are well known, both on the atmosphere and on animals; and the deposition of the aqueous vapors with the relaxing damp near the face of the earth, which in certain states takes place, may give rise to this increased activity.

NEW VIRTUE IN COFFEE.

The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvium occasioned by the clearing out of a manure pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleansing of the pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the rooms which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

To make home truly happy, there should be no concealments—that is the canker-worm. Let a woman tell her troubles and follies freely to her husband, and he will assist her out of them. He is her other self, not her judge and master. If a man confide in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see things that escaped him. We are in the world all day—our minds are occupied by many details; but she sits at home, often alone, or but with an infant companion; she thinks over what you have told her, and sees it in many lights: she has had the time you wanted. The discovery that there has been a secret excites a jealousy, and loosens the ties of affection on either side. Without perfect and entire confidence, married happiness is seldom lasting

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

Our only terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

All Letters containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

PEACE OR WAR.

The policy of the United States is to be at peace with all nations, while peace is consistent with her principles and honor. Unentangled in the meshes of diplomacy, and free to pursue her course as she wills, her position amid controlling empires is of the highest power and influence. She is not bound by treaties to uphold any craft, nor to fight any battles but her own. It was the advice of Washington, whose sagacious mind pierced the future of the Republic, to keep aloof from entangling alliances. Strong nations need no such guards, and if weak nations need them, the strong must suffer in just so far as they bear up and defend the weak.

But there is a point when peace would be dishonorable—when neutrality would become faithlessness and cowardice. While the United States makes no war upon nations with hostile weapons, she wages incessant battle, and has done so since the foundation of the Republic, with every form and principle of despotism. If she has not brought her cannon and bayonets into the strife, she has with mightier moral weapons—the examples of her government and institutions, and the voice of her people and press—kept up a conflict, resulting in revolutions among nations and governments. And her moral war has not involved her in physical collision with any nation. This she has pursued at a distance, steadily and effectively, and many a tyrant man, and caste and creed, has bitten the dust cursing an enemy who forfeited no treaty, no alliance.

To war against despotism by force of position and example, no man can condemn. This is a legitimate and just exercise of power. But we go further. The United States owes it to her profession of republican faith, and to her position as a nation, to do more at certain periods than indirectly exert the influence of her example. She has by that example invited nations and races to imitate her, and wherever their imitation or attempt towards it involves them in a conflict with despotism, it is her duty as it should be her pride, to sanction and encourage by external signs. It is not for her to be the passive spectator of the generation of republics, of whose birth she scattered the seeds. It is for her to cheer and bless the younger-born with her smiles, her sympathies, and if need be, her effectual aid.

To the example of the United States, whatever other causes may have assisted and hastened, Europe has owed much of her revolutionary convulsion. Out of the womb of our Revolution, born amid throes of blood and terror, are rising a progeny of disenthralled nations, of whose dawning freedom our liberty is the sire. What American, then, would have his country stand with folded hands and see that progeny crushed by tyrants? Are they not her children—at least her foster-children—whom she is bound to shield? Her very position involves this duty.

FOR SHAME!

A son of Alexander Hamilton has been foolish enough to think he could exalt the name of his illustrious father, by attempting to impeach the memory of Washington. In a biographical and compilatory work, he claims that his father was the real author of the principal documents that have been credited to Washington. His justification of the claim is based on the fact—not questioned, nor necessary to be—that the MSS. of these documents are in the hand-writing of his father.

Shallow basis of a shameful claim! Alexander Hamilton was the bosom friend, the confidant, and the *private secretary* of Washington. The two words we have italicized explain the hand-writing of Washington's papers. They were undoubtedly *written* by Hamilton, at the dictation of Washington. The part of the former was clerkly in the whole matter. Not but what Hamilton's mind was worthy of being consulted by, and capable of even assisting, Washington. But if any one will carefully study the minds of these two great men, in all their various expression, he will be able at once to discern the thought of either under whatever chirographic garb. It is Washington's thought, and mood, and temper, that attest for him in defiance of hand-writing. As well might Addison's secretary have claimed the authorship of the "Spectator," or Gibbon's scribe asserted for himself the authorship of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." They could have done it on the score of hand-writing.

If Alexander Hamilton could come upon the stand, his testimony and indignation would wither his recreant son to the dust. That son, though he has failed to injure the fame of Washington, has done what he could to cloud his father's fame. In both cases he has basely calumniated the illustrious dead. In their spheres, Washington and Hamilton were both foremost men of the world. To both, freedom owes an incalculable debt. The one is fitly canonized as the Father of his Country, and the name of the other will gather splendor for ages. But for this son of Hamilton, let him hide his head where he may, he cannot escape the scorn he has invoked. "Defamer" will be the epitaph written over his dust.

Mr. Cobb's New Story will be commenced in our next issue. The scenes are laid in Boston and New York; and the whole narrative is replete with the most absorbing interest.

DISUNION.

Some of the Washington letter-writers, with an owl-like solemnity, are predicting, in view of coming events, the dissolution of the Union. Writing to the North, they aver that if Kansas be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution, civil war and the "crack of doom" will come to the Republic; writing to the South, they prophecy wreck and ruin if the Lecompton concoction fails. Miserable croakers are these Delphians, all! Kansas must show the horns of a worse dilemma before the fate of this Union can be hung upon either. The hour has not come when a Capitol full of fanatics or sectionalists, from either side—supposing our Representatives all such, can shake the firm fabric of the Republic. No right or power to this end has been delegated to them. The Union is yet the heritage and property of the people. They have further use for it as it is, and wo to the politician or the party that disputes their possession. No convulsion that can be stirred up at Washington, however much all such may be deprecated, can sunder the Union—though it might crush the wretches who stirred it. The American people are not so utterly debauched and mad as to cast down the temple and overthrow the altars of their liberty. North and South, their great heart, in the mass, beats true to the Union—aye, flames with a fire that would scorch and wither the impious hand or tongue that dared seriously assail it. If a few evil-minded men, seeking to rule or ruin, could do their will, there would be danger; but the question of dissolving the Union is one that affects twenty-five millions of people, and the sober sense of the better class of these will save the country, in spite of Kansas, or whatever other political crisis.

OUR FUTURE RULERS.

Who and what will these be, and whence will they come?

This is an important social question. We proceed to answer it briefly with a practical purpose. The leading men of commercial and general business, and in the professions as well, have worked their way up from the humbler walks of life—often from homes of poverty, andof even vice and degradation! Yes, the children of the very paupers whom the wealthy and the powerful are, in this generation, helping with their alms, will supplant the children of the succorers in the next! This may seem strange as well as unfair to the careless and short-sighted observer. But there will be no help for it, with the tendencies of social life as they now are.

If the occupant of the broad acres of the manor in his great mansion, surrounded by his servants and equipages, or the dweller in the Avenue where wealth (or the semblance of it) and fashion hold sway, *will* make girls of his sons, he need not expect them to take the leading and ruling places of life. No, no. Such may prepare themselves to see the more athletic sons of the very hod-carriers who served the builders of their mansions thrusting *their* sons aside. They will do this by virtue of the physical training they were receiving, while the children of luxury and refinement were being enfeebled, and petted, and spoiled!

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

What a host of kings, and queens, and royal children lie, moldered and forgotten, in the crypts and tombs of the Old World! No class of the once great living so soon perish in the world's memory. Only now and then a rare conqueror or tyrant survives beyond the musty historical record. Yet, who fill so wide a space with their living movements? A pair of them cannot marry but all Christendom must "prick their ears" to hear the slightest incident. Their every footstep is marked with an admiration point. The recent bridal of an English princess is an illustration. Indeed, something of an event that was, were it not that there is such a "raft" more of the same brood to marry and be given in marriage, by-and-by. German royalty is fecund, and not least the English branch of it.

Is it not too much in this democratic age to call upon all mankind to excite themselves over each and every of such a swarm of royal beggars? for beggars they truly are; and each fresh dowry begged for them is only another screw to press out the sweat and blood of millions.

THE RED PETTICOAT.

Feminity is on tip-toe. The red petticoat is coming—has come. Thousands of these sanguine-hued garments are lying in wait for the unsuspecting "sterner sex," on whose susceptible hearts they are expected to do sanguinary execution; and we only enjoy a respite from our doom, because, among the *haut ton*, no fair executioner has yet been found with sufficient nerve to wield the blood-red instrument in public. Our only hope of safety lies in the probability that this new fashion, as was the Bloomer, will be first introduced by old and ugly women, devoid of taste, and ever disposed to make ridiculous exhibitions of themselves. This would, indeed, save the hearts of men, and be the death of the red petticoat. In such an event, its wearers, instead of achieving man-*slaughter*, would only excite man's-*laughter*.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

In China no one is held amenable to a law until he has had opportunity to know of its existence and character. To this end every new edict is sent at once from the capital to all parts of the empire, and is publicly posted at central points in districts—comparing with ourschool districts, and is not considered in force until thirty days thereafter. This period enables all to become familiar with the edict. In order to the greater effectiveness of this system, it is made incumbent on parents to so educate their children, that at the age of ten they shall all be able to read. Any failure in this respect is punished by the government taking charge of the derelict children, and educating and devoting them to the service of the State. Are our methods of diffusing a knowledge of our laws wiser than this?

THE BEAUTIES OF BROADWAY.

There have been more beautiful women in Broadway this winter than during any other within our or the oldest inhabitant's memory. For this favor we are probably largely indebted to the unprecedentedly fine weather we have enjoyed. Clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoons have been the rule during the winter; and what is better for a pretty woman's beauty than a clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoon? It gives grace to the carriage, elasticity to the step, ruddiness to the cheek, vivacity to the eye, and a hue of celestial, rosy red to the lips.

A Legitimate Business.—We received a visit, last week, from Mr. Charles P. Todd, manufacturer of gold pens at 169 Broadway. Mr. Todd is afraid that some people may confound him with the "C. E. Todd & Co., of 392 Broome street," referred to in our issue of Feb. 20. We do not think there is much danger of this, as *he* does a legitimate business, and does not sail under false colors.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A LEAF FOR GENTLEMEN.

Heaven forbid that I should make any woman's heart ache; I leave that to the men, some of whom seem born for nothing else; and so, to my fair correspondent who makes this grave charge against me, I wish to say—First, as is generally the case when I get admonitory letters for any published word of mine—which, by the way, bear but a small proportion to those I receive of grateful thanks—I find that the objector has, by design or accident, misread the offending article.

In a late contribution of mine to the Ledger on slatternly women, occurs this sentence—"I blame no man for rushing from a house whose mistress habitually, and from choice, pours out his coffee in dingy, collarless morning-gown, and slip-shod feet." My correspondent, quite overlooking the phrase "habitually *and from choice*," draws a heart-rending picture of a sick mother, with four or five ailing children, sleepless nights, and a cross husband, who hurries his tired wife out of bed in the morning with an oath, after watching all night, to get his breakfast; and because her toilette is not, and *cannot* be, under such circumstances, unexceptionable, thrusts that article of mine under her nose by way of reprimand.

May Lucifer twist his miserable neck for it! Didn't I say women who "*from choice*" were slatternly at the breakfast table? Didn't I insert that very phrase with the full knowledge of the existence of such exacting, selfish brutes as himself? Don't I know that there are cases where distracted mothers, who have no let-up of worrying days, who sleep with one eye open, and often not at all, find it literally impossible, with a baby who won't be put down, to smooth their locks, or dress themselves neatly before breakfast? What can a woman do more than she can do? Let her husband try to shave with one hand, and the baby across the other arm, or even to perform the operation when it is lying on the bed, purple in the face with shrieking to be taken up; with another child hanging to his coat-tails, poor thing, with some childish insect-grief, big to him as a giant's troubles, and quite as much to be respected, too; let him try to shave under such circumstances, after having been kept awake all the previous night, and worried for countless days and nights before, and then, when he cuts his chin, and otherwise makes a botch of it, let us see how good-naturedly he would bear to have his wife remark upon the unscientific manner in which it is done, and the sorry figure he makes with a great patch of court-plaster over his gashed chin.

The inhumanity in husbands to which my correspondent alludes, is, I trust, rare. Still, it remains that careless and unthinking husbands are much more numerous than they should be. It costs little to say to a good wife, who has been toiling in-doors all day, till her eye is dim, and her cheek pale for want of out-door recreation, and a change of scene—"Poor wife, you are tired of this, put on your bonnet, and take a walk with me in the clear, fresh air." A little sympathy—oh! how far it goes to quicken the sluggish pulses, and make the leaden heart beat cheerily! But to come home—to hang up your hat in the hall—to go into the sitting-room or parlor—to put up your feet and read the paper, while the monotonous tread of your wife's weary feet resound overhead, to and fro, to and fro, with your sick or fretful baby, as it has done ever since you left in the morning; never to run up and give her the kiss that would repay her for all her toil; taking it for granted that she will always love you, no matter how you treat her—because women generally do—and what's more, because she can't help herself. Oh, that last *should* be to every husband the strongest reason of all for unremitting love and tenderness. "Business" can be your plea for absence whenever you are out of humor, and who is to gainsay it? But how is your wife, unreproached by a censorious world, to find relief and relaxation at the close of the day, *when she most needs it*, if not in your soothing presence?

I would gladly believe that it is from thoughtlessness, more than intentional unkindness, that husbands so often fail in these little attentions which, I am convinced, make or mar the happiness of married life. Give your wife time to step more slowly down from the pedestal upon which your *lover* hands delighted to place her. Such sudden jerks are bad for the married female constitution, and often end in an incurable heart-complaint. Take half the pains to please your wife that you take to play amiable to other ladies, and you'll do. Tell her, as you do them, that you "love" her; kiss her occasionally, as you do them, when you get a chance. Hug her, now and then, when you put on her shawl, as you do them; and say to her, "Pardon me," when you tread on your own baby, with that same excruciating smile that you do when you tread on their gowns.

And don't be too dignified or too manly (?) to tend your own flesh-and-blood baby, when your wife has little or no assistance in that department, where her spirit is so often willing, while her flesh is weak. I cannot fathom the reluctance some men have to be seen doing this. For my own part, I never see a man with his babe in his arms (that contrast of strength and helplessness), without a sudden moistening of my eyes and a quickened beating of my heart. I love him for it. I respect him for it. It is holy, and beautiful, and blessed. It is as soothing as a prayer to the fevered spirit in the star-light hush of night.

Whence comes that shame which crimsons some men's brows when joked about preferring, to any other society, that of their wives and children? Joked, too, by those who, having themselves led a life of license, are morally incapable of appreciating the sacredness and sweetness and purity of the married relation. I cannot understand it. It weakens my respect for that man, estimable as he may be in other respects—strong for the right in everything else. Why should any man think it derogatory to his manhood to be influenced by a good and loving wife? Why should young men of the present day talk big, and rather prefer to be thought worse than they really are? which is quite unnecessary. Why should they think it "green" to be virtuous, and crow so shrilly upon their little perches, as if every chick in the barn-yard were theirs?

There are some men who have no call to be married, and these are they. Hangers-on of green-rooms and lobbies and restaurants; there let them stay. But for men who *are* men—who are worthy of true-hearted women; who err in their treatment of them, not from intention, but from ignorance of woman's nature; who have not found out that *little* kindnesses make up the sum of married happiness—that little words, little actions, make woman's heart strong to toil and to forbear; to such, and they are many, I submit in all kindness and respect, these simple, unaffected, genuine lines, which I would be glad to see placed in their pocket-books, and, what is better, exemplified in their daily married lives. I know not their author, but I give my womanly testimony that the Bible is not truer.

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE.

Be gentle! for you little know
  How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
  To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
  May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
  And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
  'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
  And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts
  At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
  May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now
  May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
  In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect—
  Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then, husband, bear and still forbear—
  Be gentle to thy wife.

Fanny Fern.

OFFICE-SEEKING AND OFFICE-HOLDING.

If we may prognosticate from the "signs" now exhibited in our own usually quiet community, President Buchanan will find it difficult to gratify the aspirations of a tithe of his political partizans and warm personal friends.—*New Bedford paper.*

We are of opinion that the office-seekers throughout the country are fully as ravenous as those of New Bedford. But, what will be done with the miserable unfortunates who are to be "turned out?" Are they not to be pitied? They will actually be compelled to do something to support themselves! What a sad spectacle they will form! Full-grown, able-bodied men dependent on their own resources! Seriously, this office-seeking is a very miserable business. In the first place, ten chances to one if you obtain the berth you seek; and in the second place, if you do get it, it is sure to make a lazy, good-for-nothing loafer of you; after your term expires, you will have no inclination to go at some honest business. You will have been accustomed so long to depend on "Uncle Sam," that you won't know how to depend on yourself. A man who can't make a decent living without the aid of an office under government, is unfit to be a government officer; or, in other words, a man who can't manage his own affairs so as to be above office-seeking is unfit to manage the affairs of the public.

"BE NOT HIGHMINDED."

This is an injunction of sacred writ; and we are inclined to think that, if men were to heed it more, there would not be so many failures—so many commercial disasters. When people meet with a moderate degree of success they are apt to become elated—self-confident, and to imagine that their success in worldly matters is beyond the peradventure of a doubt; they are, in short, disposed to be "highminded." This is the rock on which many split. Now, we should, as prudent men, guard against this—we should not let pride and vanity get the better of us. If wealth attends your efforts, take good care of it—use it wisely for your own benefit, and the good of your race; but do not permit it to unman and transform you into a conceited, overbearing, purse-proud creature—an object of disgust to the sensible world, and a source of loathing to yourself. If "highmindedness" made a man any higher in the estimation of his acquaintances, of himself, or of his God, then there might be some sense in it; but as it is only calculated to effect the reverse of these, and to ruin a man in every sense of the word, we cannot conceive why some people yield themselves up voluntary slaves to it, unless it be owing to the fact that the disease is chronic.

One Cent Reward.—Ran away from the subscriber, a boy by the name of Joseph F. Hayington, an indentured apprentice to the coach-painting. He is about 5 feet 7 inches in hight, dark skin, pock-marked, had on when he went away a gray tweed frock coat, cloth cap, dark figured vest, dark steel-colored pants, shoes, &c. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy, under penalty of the law. JAMES WILSON.

We publish the above advertisement gratuitously, for the purpose of remarking that, were we in Mr. Wilson's place, we would let "Joseph" stay away, after he had once left contrary to his agreement. We would not seek to re-capture and compel him to fulfill his engagements. When we entered the *Courant* office, in Hartford, about eighteen years ago, to learn the printing business, we asked Mr. Boswell, the proprietor of the establishment, if he usually "bound" his apprentices. He replied, in substance—"No, I never bind a boy—if he is a good boy, he will not want to run away, and if he is a bad one, *I don't care how soon he goes.*" We have often thought of the sound philosophy of that remark; and if employers meditated a little on it, we are inclined to think there would be precious few indentured apprentices in the country. There is something in human nature opposed to *compulsory* labor; boys and men even who are disposed to do what is right, have a repugnance to being *forced* to do their duty, and we have not so poor an opinion of "human nature" as to be afraid to trust somewhat to a *good* boy's sense of honor and duty; and as regards the *bad* boys, the sooner they run away the better for their employers.

AN UNFORTUNATE CLERK.

Mr. Bonner—As you occasionally devote some space in your journal to the giving of advice to clerks, I am induced to inform you how I am situated; and to ask you what I had better do in the matter. I am acting as clerk for a merchant who has a fair reputation among his friends and business acquaintances, but who, nevertheless, is in the constant habit of deliberately lying, adulterating his goods, representing a poor article to be a good one, etc. This would not trouble me so much were it not that he insists that I shall do the same. Now, what can I do under these circumstances—leave the situation or make myself a party to my employer's immoral practices?

An Unfortunate Clerk.

By all means, leave your situation. What does your clerkship amount to compared with the crime of participating in your employer's rascalities? Always act uprightly, and keep yourself free from the vices to which you refer, and you will, before you are many years older, find an employer who will be glad to secure the services of a faithful, honest clerk. No circumstances, however peculiar, can justify swindling.

MOCK MODESTY.

In an exchange paper we find an account of a dispute that is raging in a small village out West, as to the propriety of saying "the leg of a piano," in a company where there are ladies. The village schoolmistress and her admirers argue that such an expression would be immodest; that "the *limb* of a piano" is what should be said; and that "that *other* word" should never be used in the presence of ladies. The modesty of those people is equal to that of the young lady who, before retiring for the night, was always careful to close her window-blinds and draw the curtains, for fear the "man in the moon" would peep into her chamber.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The young Dacotah wins the heart of the maiden by flinging upon her form the sunbeams reflected from the little mirror he turns in his hand. So far, how much happier this world would be if we were all Dacotahs, and each, with a trap to catch a sunbeam, should fling the light on paths and hearts that in this cloudy realm it cannot always reach direct from Heaven.

A certain lady was once much troubled with a servant addicted to dish-breaking, and who used to allege, in extenuation of her fault, "It was *crackit* before." One morning little Harry tumbled down stairs, when the fond mother, running after him, exclaimed, "Oh, boy, have you broke your head?" "No ma," answered the future Chancellor, "it was *crackit* before."

The Philosopher's Stone was the folly of those who inherited the ears of Midas without his touch. A will-o'-the-wisp, however, does not always lead us into quagmires. The pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone was not wholly in vain. The clown, who, in running to catch a fallen star, stumbled and kicked up a hidden treasure, has had many unintentional imitators among scientific visionaries.

Bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the beer-vender, who wrote over his shop-door, "*Bear* sold here," manifestly implying that it was his own *Bruin*. Not less ingenious was the device of the quack, who announced in his hand-bills that he could instantly cure the most obstinate "aguews," thus satisfactorily showing that he was no conjurer attempting to cure them *by a spell*.

We see that the lecturing business is not so good as it was. We are afraid the time is at hand when our lecturers, at least, the second and third-rate ones, will not be able to get up audiences without paying each man a quarter at the door instead of charging that amount.

A correspondent of ours states a case in which a young lady refused for several days to see her lover, and then set a big dog on him. Certainly there was something in common between them then. She was obstinate, and he was *dogged*.

The late Dixon H. Lewis, the distinguished Member of Congress from Alabama, who weighed 450lbs., was remarkable for his merriment. It may seem strange that the heaviest man in the House the most frequently lost his gravity.

If persons would never meet except when they have something to say and would always separate when they have exhausted their pleasant or profitable topics, how delightful, but alas how rare and evanescent our social assemblages would be.

Mr. E. W. Anthony threatens, in a Tennessee paper, to bring what he calls his "good rifle" to bear upon a gentleman in office. Probably the office-holder had better try to avoid St. Anthony's fire.

An insolent editor, who, we believe, is also a small farmer, complains that he has had "a short crop." If we had been the sheriff appointed to crop him, we would have given him as short a crop as any fellow ever got.

A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture—"He was *clothed* with *curses* as with a *garment*." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had *got a bad habit of swearing*."

We find in a neighboring paper a long essay on the advantages of burning coal. The editor says that it is "from a great manufacturer," but we think it more likely to be from a *grate*-manufacturer.

A duel was fought in Mississippi last week by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. W. Shott. The result was, that Knott was shot, and Shott was not.

A contemporary thinks that "the banks of the country are in a very *promising* condition." We seriously apprehend that some of them will never be in any other.

A couple of agricultural editors are discussing the relative value of different grains. Unquestionably grains of sense are the most valuable of all.

A spinster is an unprotected female, and, of course, a first-rate subject for the exercise of the courage of cowards and the wit of the witless.

Wonderful Cure of Hydrophobia.—After many days' dogged resistance, the *Leviathan* was prevailed upon at last, to take water for the first time!

"Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known till it is broken.

Genius is sometimes arrogant; knowledge is always diffident.

CURRENT ITEMS.

On examining the stomach of a horse that recently died at Rochester (N.Y.), six balls were found therein, weighing between four and five pounds, of a hard substance resembling a deposit of lime, and as heavy as stone. Some of the balls are three inches in diameter, and are worn smooth like pebbles on the beach of a lake. It is thought that the long-continued use of mill-stuff as food for the horse, occasioned these accumulations—a fact which the owners of horses would do well to remember.

The Mormons, or at least the wisest of them, begin to think they have made a great mistake in assuming a belligerent attitude towards the United States Government, and are inclined to back down, and become peaceable and law-abiding citizens. This does not please some of our officials, who are anxious to have the Mormon difficulties settled by the sword, that they may have a chance to exterminate the "saints."

Diplomatists are anticipating some sharp correspondence between the government of the United States and that of France, in regard to the imprisonment by the latter of Captain Dunham, an American citizen, in irons, at Marseilles, because he sailed out of that port with his vessel, the Adriatic, on which the French authorities had placed an attachment.

The latest news from Mexico shows that country to be in a most woful plight. We should not be surprised if the people would, before long, petition to be taken into our Union, as a means of protection against the rapacity and cruelty of the adventurers who are constantly wrangling for the control of the government, and who plunder the inhabitants without mercy.

A saucy girl of eighteen was arrested a short time since, for putting a large stone on the track of the Norwalk and Danbury Railroad. She gave as a reason for her outrageous conduct, that one of the men employed on the road had insulted her, and she took that method to obtain revenge.

The people of the town of Greenfield, New Hampshire, have been much excited for a few weeks past, by the nocturnal visits and prowlings of a large panther. One young man, who was returning rather late from the residence of his sweetheart, had a narrow escape from the brute.

A short time since Mrs. Higgins, residing near Onondaga Hill, New York, while her husband was absent from home, went into the barn, fastened the door, arranged ladders so she could climb up to the rafters, to one of which she fastened a rope, tied the other end around her neck, and swung herself off. When discovered she was dead.

The house of a German named John Eitzer, in Cleveland, Ohio, took fire one night, recently. Eitzer rescued his wife and children from the flames, and then, going back for his money, of which he had a large sum in the house, was burnt to death.

Wolves are so plentiful and predatory in Nebraska, that the farmers have resorted to the plan of poisoning them, by leaving meat impregnated with arsenic where the wolves can get at it. The plan works well; every morning wolves are found lying around dead.

The last news from India indicates that the Sepoys are not yet disheartened by their defeats, and that they are making preparations for a long and bloody war, in which they hope to tire out and wear out their foes.

A lady passenger on the steamer Colonel Crossman, that was recently burned on the Mississippi river, was saved from drowning by her hooped skirt, which kept her afloat until she was rescued.

It is estimated by a writer in an English paper that the value of the jewels worn by all parties at the recent wedding of the Princess Royal, exceeded twenty millions of dollars. Queen Victoria's crown was worth over a million.

The Indians of Washington Territory are again at their old work of waylaying, murdering and scalping the whites.

"Mrs. Stephens's Illustrated New Monthly" for March is before us. This delightful Magazine is by acclamation crowned "Queen of the Monthlies." It is the most charming "Ladies' Companion" with which we are acquainted. Its form (album shape) is elegant, and when bound, makes a beautiful volume. It is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots.

MY BOY SLEEPING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sleep takes the pulses of the weary world.
With what a radiant silence rolls yon moon
Amid the stars,
All quiet as herself!
Through the lit window of my chamber here—
Lit by the saint-like splendor of yon orbs—
I gaze on their calm glory, while I list
The deep, low breathing of my boy asleep—
A breathing sweeter than the breath of flowers
Kissed in the midnight by a watching wind
Strayed from the gates of Paradise.
Sleep on, thou dear, dear boy—but in my heart
There is a joy too deep for slumber—joy
That the Almighty-Soul hath given to me
A soul to feel the beauty of His work—
Joy that beside me rests my own one here,
Crowned also with a soul
That may in Nature's own good time
Feel all the harmony of this green-robed Earth,
And list the teachings of yon ancient stars,
Moving in order true.
Father above!
Here solemnly would I breathe a father's prayer.
Thy sleepless eye beholds the infant's sleep;
Thy tireless strength keeps its benignant watch
Over his weariness;
Then, Mighty One!
To whom but Thee can prayer be lifted up!

O! order so his soul that he may know
The holy meaning of Thy wondrous work—
That seeing truth
In all this great Creation's swerveless ways
Falsehood shall never swerve his lips,
But truth sit like a crown upon his brow:
Nor this, Supernal One! alone:
When he shall see
The stately movements of Thy Universe,
So lift his heart that he may catch from them
A dignity of mind and mien,
And make his life a use and harmony:
And yet still more:
O! when he hears the breathing of Thy Soul of Love
Through earthly aisles and starry corridors,
May he with love suffused,
See what sublimest strength affection gives:
'Tis thus that he will be a MAN,
And not the *thing*
That, without these, so oft pollutes the earth
Dreaming it wears Thy image.

O, Father-One!
Thus solemnly do I breathe a father's prayer

◆

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

CHAPTER XXII.

BET'S REVENGE.

It is not to be supposed that the professional exertions of Fiddler Dick, and his partner, Mr. Dexter, had altogether escaped the notice of the police. On the contrary, they had long kept an eye upon them both, but so cleverly were their operations carried on, that hitherto detection had been impossible. Both the men knew they were watched, and chuckled at the idea of outwitting the officers, but there was one point neither of them had calculated upon.

Bet knew it, too.

Cruel natures are invariably revengeful. As long as her husband permitted her to use the children as she pleased, Bet found an outlet for her savage humor. But when he interfered between her and Lillian, against whom she had conceived a most violent hatred, it recoiled upon himself.

Strange that the one solitary good action of his life should have been the cause of his punishment for so many bad ones.

The woman meditated well the game she had to play, before taking a single step towards the accomplishment of her design, well knowing the result to herself in case of failure. At times her courage failed, and she half resolved to abandon her design. Then some taunting, bitter gibe, or a blow, perhaps, would rekindle her resentment, till it burnt stronger than ever.

Meanwhile, the innocent object of her hatred did everything in her power to conciliate her. No matter how harshly Bet spoke to her, she answered humbly, if not cheerfully. The fearful scowl, or still more fearful curse, was the only reply the female fury condescended to make her. And fortunate it was that blows were not added. But Dick's menaces had hitherto protected her from them, even in his absence. She recollected the expression of his face, the peculiar drawing down of the corners of his mouth, when he uttered them, and knew that it would not be safe to disobey him. Had a doubt remained upon her mind, Bet would long since have gratified her malice by tormenting and ill-using Lillian.

The occasion on which the woman fully made up her mind was a very trivial one, and shows how an evil word may rankle in a still more evil heart.

Fiddler Dick had just been giving Lilly her lesson, and satisfied with the evident desire of the child to please him, called his wife to look at her.

"I've seen enough of her," growled Bet.

Had she noticed the twitching of his lips, in all probability her words would have ended there, but she instantly added—

"You seems uncommon fond on her; it's my belief your half in love with the conceited brat."

"No mistake on that pint, old gal," replied the fellow, carelessly; "and when she is old enough I shall be all the other half."

This retort, which was meaningless—for the speaker's admiration of Lilly arose merely from her supposed resemblance to himself—added to the gin she had previously been drinking, roused the fury of the woman beyond the power of self-control, and vowing, in her own expressive language, that she would limb her, she rushed towards the terrified child.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed her husband, stepping between them.

"Let me get at her!" exclaimed the half-drunken fury, struggling to pass him.

"Stash it, I say—yer won't, won't you? Take it, then."

A blow followed, and Bet fell senseless upon the floor of the kitchen.

Accustomed as he had been to beat and tyrannize over her, little did he imagine how cunningly and patiently that blow, and the idle words which preceded it, would be avenged.

From that day Bet took little or no notice of Lillian, and drank but sparingly of her favorite beverage. Her husband considered that she had profited by the lesson, and paid no attention to her sulky looks—he could cure them, he thought, at any time.

It was in vain that Dexter, who had been present at the quarrel, warned him there was danger in the sudden change. His partner only laughed at him for his apprehensions. He knew how to deal with women. Bet might grumble and take the sulks, but in the end was true as steel.

In his confidence he forgot that steel is the very article *traps* are made of.

Considering that Fiddler Dick was naturally of a suspicious nature, the confidence he placed in Bet was extraordinary; his best affections, that is to say, his money, was in her keeping; an additional temptation to betray him, for the sum exceeded thirty pounds. With thirty pounds and the *business*, what might she not command?—independence—that word so dear to every woman's heart; and what, in the present instance, appeared still more delicious, undisputed control over the fate of poor Lilly; the object of her hatred would be entirely at her mercy, and with fiend-like malice she gloated over the thought.

As a matter of prudence, her advances to the police were made with due caution. It was only when her husband was at the public-house she ventured to hold intercourse with the detective, who, in the disguise of a journeyman-baker, for several days had been lingering about the house.

"Only contrive to let us take him in the fact," said the officer, "and I can promise you ten pounds. He has long been wanted."

"And how long will he get it for?" demanded Bet; for the question was an important one to her, more so even than the reward.

"Seven years, at the least," replied the tempter, who perfectly read her motives.

"It will be no easy matter," observed the woman, wiping the cold perspiration from her red, blowzy face; "Dick never works the oracle in London."

The policeman knew as much.

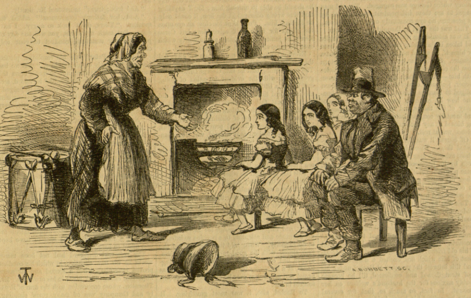
"His *partener* does it there."

"But in the country?"

"There," said Bet, "is your chance. We are a-goin' in a day or two to Southampton; you be down."

The detective nodded as much as to say he would.

"But don't be too eager, or you'll spile the game; he is the artfullest villain livin'—watchful as a cat—a fox wouldn't stand no chance with him. When you sees me and one of the kids a-standin' close *behind* him," added the speaker, lowering her voice to a whisper, "then is the time to grab him."


A BOBBETT SC.

THE TIGRESS FOILED OF HER PREY.

"I understand."

"You'll find the swag in his hand."

It was not because Fiddler Dick was known to be a dexterous pickpocket that the police were so exceedingly anxious to get him into their hands, but on account of an extensive burglary which it was presumed he had taken part in, or at least could furnish a clue to the perpetrators of it, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

"Do you leave London by train?" inquired the officer.

"No; we work our way down," replied Bet.

"How am I to know when you start?"

The woman reflected for an instant. It was a delicate point, for every step she took in the affair menaced danger to her, Fiddler Dick being just one of those characters most likely to take *effectual* means of thwarting her schemes of betraying him on the slightest suspicion. He never reasoned.

"You know our house?" she said.

"Yes."

The question was almost a needless one. The man had been prowling round it for the last fortnight, sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another. One day he dressed as a journeyman baker, with a basket on his shoulders; the next as a butcher, or a coutryman. Proteus might have envied him the facility with which he changed his appearance.

"You know the window over the door?" whispered the traitress.

"The one with the bundle of white rags stuffed in the broken pane."

"My night-cap," answered Bet. "Well then, when you see a blue rag in the place of it, you'll know that we are off."

The detective nodded approvingly. It looked, he thought, as if the speaker this time really meant business.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "You have stood shilly-shallying and disappointed me more than once—not that I wish to risk the affair by too great a hurry; but if you play me false this time, I will take care that Fiddler Dick *knows of your intention* to sell him."

"You don't mean that?"

"It's the very thing I do mean," replied the man; "so now you know exactly what you may expect."

Bet vowed to be true; the threat had seriously alarmed her; for, as the speaker said, she did know exactly what she might expect in the event of his keeping his word.

The officer thrust a sovereign into her hand. The woman took it reluctantly; it was the seal to a bond she no longer retained the power of cancelling.

"You say he'll get seven years?" she muttered.

"Perhaps more."

This somewhat reassured her, and after looking carefully around to see that no one had been observing them, Bet returned home. As she entered the habitation, she saw Lillian and Lizzy practising upon their stilts. A scowl knit her naturally beetle brows, and the thought how soon she would have the innocent object of her hatred in her power filled her malignant breast with joy.

If the wife of Fiddler Dick was good at anything, it was at hating; it did not even cost her an effort, but was a self-development.

The day dawned at last on which the Harold was to sail. All the regiment were on board; the band had been the last to embark, which they did to the sound of their own instruments playing, as if in mockery of the groups of disconsolate women gathered on the beach, "The girl I left behind me." Many of these females were the wives of soldiers who had married without the colonel's permission, a serious offence according to the military law. We have known a husband confined to barracks for months, his punishment commencing the very day after his marriage, for no other cause.

To be sure he had one satisfaction: whilst pacing the barrack yard he might hear the band of an evening playing at the officer's mess, "Britons never shall be slaves," and other patriotic and *equally truthful* airs.

Sir Charles and Lady Fourreau had already embarked. Rose, Corporal Stock, and one or two of the servants remained at the hotel to follow with a portion of the baggage. On their way through the square they were impeded by a crowd gathered to witness the exhibition of some itinerant mountebanks.

Three children dressed in miserably thin muslin frocks, their necks and arms quite bare, were dancing upon stilts, to the accompaniment of a drum and Pandean pipes played by Mr. Dexter; his partner, his operations screened by his wife, who held Lillian by the hand, was busily exercising his peculiar industry.

The child not being yet considered sufficiently accomplished to appear in public, still wore the clothes of poor Fan; consequently there was nothing to identify them as forming part of the troupe.

Bet, who, in order to keep herself perfectly cool on the occasion, had abstained from her usual potations, noticed that, whichever way she moved, two respectable-looking men, one having the appearance of a tradesman, the other dressed as a countryman, followed her.

They were the detective and his companion. She speedily recognized the former.

But what she did not observe was a woman in a cloak and vail who watched her too—the female being no other than Rose. She had recognized Lillian in the crowd, yet dared not speak to her.

"Now," said Mr. Dexter, whose gift of the patter was not the least of his accomplishments, "favor the public, the discriminating public, who only wait to show their solid appreciation of talent, with the '*'ighland Reel*,' young ladies."

"The same costumes, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, before striking up, "in which they danced it before her royal Majesty, and *his* Royal Highness the prince, and *their* Royal Highnesses, the princes and princesses, at Windsor—*Revels*," he added, in an undertone.

The music commenced, and as Mr. Dexter could not conveniently contrive to speak and play the Pandean pipes at the same time, his discourse ceased.

Unnatural as such an exhibition is, the children really went through it gracefully, and the attention of the crowd became riveted upon them quite as fixedly as the attention of the police officers were fixed upon the movements of Fiddler Dick, who felt that the moment for *his* performance had also arrived. Somehow he felt no great inclination for the task; perhaps his hand was a little out, and he required one or two successful hauls to reassure him, or the morning drop had not produced its usual effects upon his nerves.

"This way," he whispered to Bet.

The woman followed.

"Mind and stand close."

"All right," muttered his wife, whose heart beat violently, not with remorse, but terror; for the crisis was at hand, and failure—a very unpleasant sensation rose in her throat when she thought of the possibility of that.

The first person Fiddler Dick sounded was a respectable-looking, stout old gentleman, in all probability a visitor from London, for not even a handkerchief, much less a purse, could the long, bony fingers of Dick discover in his great-coat. The first was in his hat, the latter safely lodged in his waistcoat pocket.

The thief turned from him with disgust; in fact, he looked upon the aforesaid old gentlemen as rather a doubtful character. What right had a person so well-dressed to come into a crowd with empty pockets, causing him to lose his valuable time? It was shameful, to say the least of it.

The second attempt was made upon a comforta- dancers. Here was an easy victim—her arms were ble-looking woman, a tradesman's wife, who held up a little boy in order that he might see the engaged.

Bet nodded to him encouragingly, and shielded the delicate manipulation with her ample person. Whilst her husband was thus engaged, she cast a hurried look around. The detectives and the female in the cloak and vail were close behind him.

Industry is not always doomed to be unsuccessful; but this time the pickpocket ascertained there was a purse, and rather a heavy one.

Could a spectator have witnessed the *modus operandi* in extracting it, he must have been struck by the extreme delicacy of the process. First the fingers glided lightly round it, playfully, as if coquetting with the prize; gradually they closed, and, acting from the wrist as from a lever, began cautiously to raise it—not suddenly, but gently, very gently, in order that the diminution of weight in the pocket might not be perceived.

Fiddler Dick had accomplished all this. The purse was withdrawn, and, holding it in the palm of his hand, downwards, he held it out for Bet to take, but instead of doing so, the woman stepped aside, dragging Lillian with her.

Before the pickpocket could drop the proof of his guilt, or even ejaculate an oath, the two officers pounced upon him, and a pair of iron bracelets—vulgarly called handcuffs—were slipped over his wrists and securely fastened.

All this took place so rapidly that the prisoner was secured before those standing round had the least notion of what had taken place.

Fiddler Dick knew from the professional, business-like way in which he had been taken and handcuffed, that he must have fallen into the hands of the metropolitan police; no country officer could have accomplished it with half the rapidity. He also knew that he had been sold to them, and by whom.

At last there was a cry of "Pickpocket!" and the crowd pressed so closely that Bet, despite her efforts, could not escape from the sight of her husband, who, with every feature livid with passion, stood gazing at her. His rage was too great for words, but his eyes were most eloquent, there was something so truly savage and fiend-like in their expression as they glared upon her.

It was long, very long, before Bet forgot them. Years afterwards, especially when she had been drinking, she would dream of those fearful eyes, and start from her sleep in terror.

On hearing the cry the first impulse of the crowd, or rather that portion of it having anything to lose, was to feel in their pockets.

"I am robbed!" exclaimed the woman with the little boy in her arms. "That's my purse—give it to me."

"Can't do that, ma'am," replied the officer.

"But it's mine."

"I'll take care of it: you will get your money back after the trial."

The mob, however, felt very much inclined to take the law into its own hands and inflict summary justice, especially the sailors, who were for ducking the culprit, the beach was so conveniently near.

Several attempts were made to tear him from the detectives; but they stood firm, declaring who they were, threatening and cautioning those nearest against a breach of the peace.

Although their prisoner, at one time, was in a position of considerable danger, he seemed to take no notice of it, but remained with his eyes still fixed upon the red, blowzy features of Bet, who, now that it was too late, bitterly regretted the part she had acted. Several times she tried to escape from his glance, but it fascinated her, like that of the rattlesnake. Once when the pressure of those around her brought her within reach of her husband, he aimed a desperate kick at her, and laughed, with a peculiar expression, when he saw that it had failed to reach her.

It was in the midst of this pushing, struggling and confusion, that Lillian somehow got separated from her.

"It ain't for life," muttered Fiddler Dick, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

The woman shuddered.

"*I shall come back ag'in.*"

What would not Bet have given to have got away?

"The money won't do yer much good," he added; "blood money never does. Good-bye, till we sees each other ag'in."

"What does the land-shark mean by threatening the woman?" demanded a sailor.

"She is my wife," shouted Fiddler Dick, who overheard the question, "and has sold me to the police, that's all; but if ever I gets free ag'in, let her look——"

The rest of the menace was lost, for the officers were dragging him away.

The crowd now began to press round Bet, and one fellow made a proposal to duck her. Fortunately it was not seconded, for the detectives were no longer at hand to protect her. She even contrived to excite a certain amount of sympathy by exclaiming that she had lost her child, and entreating the people to restore her to her.

It was in vain that Bet searched through the mob for Lillian. Lillian was nowhere to be found. She had disappeared, vanished, escaped from the effects of the female fury's long-gathering hate—escaped at the very moment, too, when it would have been so easy for her to have indulged in the gratification of it.

As a last resource, she returned to the lodging-house, where her husband's partner, on the first alarm, had retreated, taking the children, drums, and stilts, like a skilful general, bag and baggage, with him.

Mr. Dexter was one of those careless, good-natured men, who float through the world like a feather, incapable either of strong passion or any great exertion. Had he been rich, the probability is that he would have remained honest; but being poor, every effort to become honest was perfectly out of the question. The fellow had received some little education—that is to say, education for one in his position. He could both read and write, and was not without a knowledge of the elementary rules of arithmetic, more especially the rule of *substraction*.

When Bet reached the room where Dexter and the children were seated by the fire, she glanced savagely round, and inquired for Lilly.

"Havn't seen her, answered the man. "You seem more anxious about that gal than your husband. Where did Dick get her from?"

"That's my affair," answered the woman.

"I know!" exclaimed Lucy, for which piece of information the woman rewarded her by a violent slap on the head.

"No more of that," said Dexter, who, to his credit be it spoken, never ill-used the children himself.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bet, unable to repress her astonishment.

"I mean that I won't have *my* pupils and prentices interfered with," replied the mountebank.

"Ain't we partners?"

"Your husband and I *were* partners," said the man; "but the firm is broken up. I take the pupils, you may have the stilts—or stay, as you are fond of a row, you had better keep the drum; it isn't half so hollow as you are."

It was in vain that Bet vowed, demonstrated, threatened, and swore. The children, glad to escape from her tyranny, all declared that they would go with Dexter. She even went so far as to offer him money to continue the concern with her.

"It ain't the money," replied the fellow. "I am for a quiet life; we should never agree; you like to ill-use the kids; now I can't bear to see it. Besides," he added, "where would be the use of our going into partnership? It couldn't last long—four or seven years at the most."

"Why couldn't it?" demanded the female.

"Dick will be out by that time, *and then, of course*, —but there, why need I talk? You know him better than I do."

"He was a fool!" exclaimed Bet, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

"I often thought so," replied Dexter, "for he trusted you; I never did, and what is more, I never intend to do so."

"Why yer don't believe I sold him?" muttered the wife of his late partner.

"I am certain you never *gave him*," answered the former; "but there, let us stash it: we understand each other, Bet. I ain't agoin' to be sold."

Deeply galled by his refusal, and still more by the escape of poor Lillian, the woman quitted the lodging-house, determined to search Southampton over till she found her, and when she had—but we will not shock our readers by further alluding to the treatment which, in her own mind, the female fury reserved for her victim, who, fortunately, was by this time far beyond her reach.

Whether the child was ever allowed to fall again into her hands or not, the progress of events will show; for the present, at least, she was safe from them.

When our heroine (for Lilly is undoubtedly the heroine of our tale) became separated from her enemy in the crowd, her first thought was to escape. It was the impulse of the imprisoned bird which suddenly finds the door of its cage open; she thought not of the world—it could not well treat her worse than it had done—or where she should go to—any place was preferable to the dens of vice and misery she had lately passed her days in, the unkindest looks more welcome than the menacing scowl of Bet, or the lessons of her husband.

Lilly had not wandered very far before she felt herself suddenly lifted from her feet, and completely enveloped in a cloak: she would have cried out, but the alarm was checked upon her lips by a well-remembered voice, which whispered in her ear—

"They are the arms of a friend, Lilly. Not a word! not a word!"

No wonder she recollected: it was the last voice, save that of Jack Manders, that had fallen on her ear in accents of kindness, and she clung to the bosom of Rose in silent thankfulness.

The happy woman hastened to the boat upon the beach, where Corporal Stock and the servants were already seated with the baggage—they had been waiting for her. The instant she set her foot in it the sailors dropped their oars into the rippling waves, and rowed towards the Harold.

"Why, bless me, Mrs. Rayner," exclaimed the corporal, after twice counting the packages, "what can you have rolled up under your cloak so curiously?"

"A child," whispered Rose.

The man looked rather serious, not knowing how Sir Charles might approve of the addition to his party.

"Don't betray me," she added, imploringly.

"I won't," replied Stock; "it's no affair of mine: nothing about children in the articles of war."

The woman looked her gratitude.

The speaker not only kept his word, but when Rose mounted the companion-ladder, still holding Lilly concealed under her cloak, contrived to prevent her being noticed by the colonel and captain of the vessel who were chatting near the gangway, by walking before with a trunk upon his shoulders, and a package under each arm. The worthy fellow even did more; he suggested the means of concealing the presence of the child till the transport had sailed.

One of the soldiers' wives took charge of her, and passed her as her own.

"You had better make a friend of my lady about it as soon as you can," he observed to the trembling woman, "and let her break the affair to the colonel. If she only smiles while she tells it him," he added, "it will be all right."

The profoundness of this observation proved that although an old bachelor, the speaker was perfectly aware of the influence which a young and lovely wife generally exercises over the heart of her husband.

An hour or two later, and the last boat left for shore; the anchor raised, and the white sails unfurled, and the huge ship began slowly to move through the waters. God speed it on its way; for it bore England's sons to a land where the Saxon's tongue and the Saxon's faith must at no very distant day prevail—a land won by the sword, but which the Bible alone can keep.

Therefore, we say again, God speed the gallant vessel on her way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GEORGE HOFFMAN'S STAR IN THE ASCENDANT.

By this time we trust that our readers feel anxious to hear something respecting the Hoffmans. It would be ungenerous to trifle with so natural a desire, a proof of the interest the tale of the husband's errors and his wife's devotion has excited in their minds, to say nothing of the loss of the son, which still weighed with hopeless sorrow on the hearts of both his parents.

When Peter Mangles informed his employer of Rachel's resolution not to abandon her husband in the path of reformation, which, at its commencement, requires kind words and patient smiles to cheer us onward, for it is only towards its close that the thorns become less jagged, and flowers begin to bloom, Mr. Bentley could not conceal either his surprise or anger.

“This is madness—infatuation!” he exclaimed. “What can she expect from a drunkard? Happiness? absurd! as well seek fire in ice, darkness in the blaze of sunshine. The bitter experience of the past might tell her what the future is likely to prove.”

“But George is no longer a drunkard,” observed the old clerk, deprecatingly, and with a slight degree of hesitation, as if he did not feel quite convinced himself.

“A thief!” added the merchant, passionately.

This accusation was most unjust, and, but for the excitement he was laboring under, the speaker would not have made it. Peter, who had long since come to a conclusion upon the subject, now felt himself on sure ground, and warmly took the cudgels in defence of his *protege*.

“You have fallen into one of your evil moods again, Richard,” he replied; “how often must I repeat to you that your son-in-law is as honest as yourself. You may stare and turn away impatiently,” he added, “but I won't give up that point.”

“Who else could?”

“Who else?” interrupted the old man; “why—but no, no! I'll not fall into a similar errror—imitate your example, and take away any man's character without proof.”

“I know where your suspicions point,” obscrved his employer.

“Perhaps you do.”

“They are absurd.”

“Absurd!” repeated Peter, sharply; “perhaps they were absurd when they saved the firm a much larger sum than the missing securities ever realized, in Griddleston's affair; you thought them honest, I believe, placed unlimited confidence in their representations; I suspected them to be rogues, and acted accordingly.”

“You do not like my nephew,” observed the merchant, somewhat angrily.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders—a constant habit when unable to contradict an assertion.

“You do not deny it.”

“I have not forgotten his conduct to your daughter on the bridge, although her father has,” answered the former speaker.

“Carus has explained it,” said Mr. Bently. “At first I felt indignant at it, too, and spoke to him harshly upon the subject. His motives were to induce her to quit the man who has destroyed her happiness forever. Rachel must have exaggerated his *words* and manner.”

“Pah!” ejaculated Peter Mangles, with a look of incredulity.

“I know the reason of your aversion to him,” continued the merchant.

“Do you?”

“He thwarted you in your wish of sending Sterling out to India instead of Sanford, and you have never forgiven it.”

“Never!” exclaimed the old man, emphatically; “for it lost the only chance of clearing up the mystery of the securities. Sterling had been brought up in the counting-house under my own eye, possessed a clear head for business, and not a whit clearer than his integrity, whilst Sanford—but there, I have done—speak of it no more.”

“You are still determined to continue your protection to Rachel?” observed his employer.

“I am.”

“And to her husband?”

“To George, too.”

“Although you know that it is a barrier to a reconciliation with my child,” said Mr. Bently, bitterly; “were you to abandon him, she would soon see the necessity of separating from him.”

“*Feel it*, you mean,” replied the clerk; “but even then you are mistaken, as you generally are; you may be very clever at figures, Richard—in fact, you are clever at them, thanks to my instruction, for you know I taught you—but there is one problem you can't solve—the depth of a wife's affection. I have only just begun,” he added, in a tone of naive confidence, “to calculate it myself, and find it unfathomable. Whilst George pursues the path he has chosen, the iron grasp of poverty would not prove strong enough to tear Rachel from his side.”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed the merchant, impatiently, “do you believe in such romantic nonsense at your time of life?”

“Well, the belief certainly did come rather late,” observed the old man; “had it struck me thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, the probability is I should not now be a bachelor. Perhaps,” he added, musingly, “it is not now too late.”

Despite his anger, the disappointed father could not repress a smile; there was something irresistibly ridiculous in the idea of the speaker ever taking a wife. Peter Mangles noticed the curl of his lips, the half-suppressed drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and began to feel exceedingly indignant. It acted like a spark to the train of gunpowder already laid—an explosion became inevitable.

“I insist upon knowing what you mean by that smile, Richard!” he exclaimed; “it was a most impertinent smile; in fact, I may say, an offensive smile. What is there either absurd or unreasonable in the possibility of my marrying?”

“Neither one nor the other,” replied Mr. Bently.

“Happy to hear it,” said his clerk, looking him very hard in the face, to see whether or not the smile was repeated.

“I see no reason against it,” added the speaker, “if you do not. But this is not the point. What I am anxious about is, that your confidence in George Hoffman should not lead you too far.”

“Take care that your prejudice against him don't lead you too far in an opposite direction,” retorted the old man; “you have been unjust enough already.”

“He is not fit to be trusted with money.”

“My money is my own!” exclaimed Peter, warmly, for he had not yet forgotten, or quite forgiven, the smile. “I worked for it, and earned it hardly enough, and I shall do exactly as I think fit with it—let George make ducks and drakes with it, if I feel disposed, without asking any one's permission. Mind, Richard, I said *any one's*—you know what I mean by that. And now,” he added, “as I have Mellingen's accounts to go through with, let us drop the subject. Don't unsettle me any more. You have chosen your line of conduct to your daughter and your son-in-law, I have made up my mind to mine.”

The above conversation had taken place in the counting-house in the city a day or two after Rachel's interview with her husband. At first Peter felt something more than dissatisfied with her decision; he pronounced it madness and folly; but having heard all she had to urge, and listened to George's explanation of the motives of his night walks in London, he gradually came to a different conclusion.

The correctness of George's petty cash-book had not yet lost its influence on the old man's mind.

Although Peter Mangles, like a certain distinguished political personage, loudly asserted his right of doing what he pleased with his own, even to allowing George Hoffman to make ducks and drakes of his money, he was about the last man in the world to be really guilty of such an act of folly. His liberality to the objects of his bounty was directed by a prudence no less judicious than kind; and although the society of Rachel and little Mary had become almost a necessity to him, he resolved to deprive himself of it as soon as the health of the former would admit of her removal to the neat little cottage he had taken and furnished for her in the Charlton-road, close to the factory where George was engaged. The old man longed to see them independent, unrestrained by his presence, no eye constantly overlooking them.

That was the way, he thought, to judge them.

It was astonishing what interest Peter Mangles had taken in furnishing the cottage. Had it been for himself, he would not have felt half so great a pleasure. Scarcely an evening that on his return from the city he did not bring some useful articles with him—articles which Mrs. Lawrence, his housekeeper, jealously observed she had always been obliged to manage without. She could not imagine how he came to know even the names of many of the things, and concluded by amicably and mentally congratulating herself on never having hinted at any such extravagance. So her conscience was at rest.

Of course it was, for it was affection that suggested them. There is a spring in every heart, whose existence may remain unsuspected for years, even by its possessor, till some chord is struck, some powerful emotion or feeling breaks the seal, when the waters gush forth, fresh and sparkling. In other words, it is circumstance that develops the purest and best sensibilities of our nature.

This was exactly the case with Peter Mangles. Under ordinary circumstances, George Hoffman would have been to him no more than any other clerk in the firm, who conducted himself steadily, wrote a clear hand, and happened to be quick at accounts. It was his marriage with the only child of his old friend, and that old friend's harsh treatment of him which first excited a deeper interest. And this interest the presence of Rachel under his roof strengthened and confirmed, till he became doubly anxious for the husband's welfare on her account. In fact, so much so, that for several weeks he quitted his home half an hour earlier every morning, purposely to walk round by the factory where George was engaged as time-keeper. And when he recognized him, pen in hand, and the book before him, the old man smiled cheerfully, and went on his way rejoicing.

The cottage had long been ready, but from day to day the departure of Rachel and the child for their new abode was delayed. Their benefactor had always some alteration to suggest—some addition to make to the comforts he had already provided. At last, after a great effort, the old man made up his mind to the separation; but not without a struggle; he had become so used to their society, that home would no longer appear home without them; but Peter never tampered with principle—it was so very unbusiness-like.

He insisted upon conducting them to their new abode himself, and showed them over the house with the pride and satisfaction which an honest heart feels in the sweet consciousness of having acted nobly.

The eyes of Rachel filled with tears.

“My benefactor!” she exclaimed, trying to kiss his hand—a proceeding which the old clerk would not by any means permit; “how can I ever show my gratitude for such unexampled goodness?”

“Say no more,” replied Peter, deeply moved by her gratitude. “If the parent has forsaken its young, some one must supply its place.”

“My future conduct, sir,” replied George Hoffman, “must be my thanks.”

“That's it, my dear boy; the only thanks I require. Make Rachel happy, and I shall be amply repaid; the most profitable investment I ever made in my life,” he added. “Cent. per cent. at the very least, and without usury”—a thing the speaker particularly abhorred.

Mary, who, with childish curiosity, had been running all over the house, came into the neat little parlor.

“O, mamma!” she exclaimed; “have you seen *my room?* Such a pretty white bed, and—would you believe it?—a doll—a real doll—in it!”

Peter Mangles must have been very far gone in his affections to the Hoffmans and their child when he thought of such a thing.

“You will want something to amuse you,” he observed. “I am sure I shall,” he added; “for I shall miss you sadly.”

“You will stay with us?” said the child, looking anxiously in his face.

The old man shook his head.

Mary burst into tears; declared that she would not have the doll—that she hated dolls; *insisted* upon his living with them, and concluded by throwing her little arms round his neck and kissing him.

Peter Mangles felt very much inclined to follow her example, and cry too; but he determined not to give way to any such weakness—it would be unbusiness-like; so he buttoned up his great coat with an air of great determination, shook hands with George and his wife, muttered something which sounded very indistinctly as he parted the flaxen curls of the child, and pressed his lips to her forehead, then marched out of the cottage.

“May Heaven reward him!” exclaimed Rachel; “we never can.”

The clerk felt his heart exceedingly heavy as he trudged over Blackheath towards his home, where only Mrs. Lawrence and the parrot—which, to the great satisfaction of the last-mentioned personage, had been sent for back—were waiting to receive him. He had no one to talk to now; no Mary to run and meet him in the passage, climb upon his knees as he sat at tea, and insist upon his telling her a pretty story, instead of reading the evening paper; no wonder the change seemed lonely.

Mary's tears, and above all, the kiss, had made a deep impression upon the clerk. He felt proud of the love of the fair and innocent child; and he was right, for if there is an affection upon earth free from the taint, the suspicion of interest, it is the artless love of infancy.

“She shall never know want,” he thought; “let her grandfather do as he likes with his money, I am the master of mine.”

Then he reflected how delightful it would be if Providence spared her life, to see Mary grow up to womanhood and marry. In his anxiety for her happiness he planned it all as he sat indulging in his waking dreams by the side of the cheerful fire. Her husband was to be a city man, that was a *sine qua non*, the junior partner in some well-established firm, to whom a few thousands might prove an advantage—help him on—whom Peter could advise.

We cannot inform our readers where the few thousands were to come from; but Peter knew, and that was quite sufficient.

In his meditations he pitied his employer, whom he knew to be unhappy, despite his wealth, and too obstinate to take the only sensible means, as he thought, to repair the errors of the past, by a reconciliation with his daughter.

“It is all that rascal Carus's fault,” he murmured; “he has set Richard against his son-in-law. George, with all his faults, is worth a hundred of him in principle; and, if he will only keep steady, may one day be so in money. Steady,” he repeated several times to himself. “I can't imagine, for my part, how young men can be otherwise. What pleasure they can possibly find *out of business?* I never found any—till lately,” he added, “very lately.”

With respect to the nephew of his employer, he consoled himself with the conviction that one day he should be able to unmask him; for if anything that was wrong occurred in the firm, it could only be through him. Peter kept too close an eye upon the clerks for them to deceive him; but Carus Kearn, as junior partner, had an authority which even his supervision could not always control.

Every evening, on his return from the city, did their benefactor visit the cottage of the Hoffmans. The first evening that he saw George button on his great coat, with the evident intention of going out, he felt a little uneasy till the sad smile of Rachel reassured him. Regularly, twice a week, did the repentant father devote the whole night to searching through the parlors and resorts of crime in London, in the hope of obtaining a clue to his lost son. Hitherto he had proved unsuccessful, but the hope, forlorn as it seemed, was not abandoned.

“Aye,” thought Peter, “if the boy would only turn up, that would bring his grandfather to reason; nothing else will.”

This last reflection he wisely kept to himself.

Although the salary which George Hoffman received was a very humble one, both husband and wife assured their benefactor that it was quite sufficient for their wants, and firmly declined receiving any further assistance from him. The old clerk felt delighted, for he had a great idea of independence, and respected his *protege* the more for his perseverance and attention to a position so inferior to his capacity. When told that the heads of the firm, struck with the good conduct of their time-keeper, had offered him a seat in their counting-house, at a handsome increase, the old man felt as proud and satisfied as ever he had been at his own success in life.

To Rachel, also, it was most gratifying. It seemed the seal of her husband's reformation, the pledge that he would never again fall into the fatal error which had caused his ruin.

The morning after the affair was finally arranged, Peter Mangles arrived ten minutes later than usual in the city. The junior clerks looked surprised, and suspected that for once St. Paul's was a little too fast, a far more likely circumstance, in their opinion, than Old Punctuality, as they called him, being beyond his time.

Strange to say, Carus Kearn, who seldom made his appearance in the counting-house before twelve, had arrived before him.

“Ah!” exclaimed Peter, with a satirical smile, “the Indian mail is in.”

“You have seen the papers, I suppose?” observed the gentleman, coloring slightly.

“No.”

“How did you know it, then?”

“*You are here.*”

“Have you gone through the correspondence?” inquired Carus, eagerly.

A dry negative from the old man was the only reply.

“I wish you would, then; I expect private letters.”

Peter drew from his pocket the key of the letter-box—into which the porter had orders to drop all foreign correspondence the instant it arrived—and opened it.

“Stop, stop!” he exclaimed, as Carus stretched forth his hand to seize on the contents; “I can't have the letters opened in that way—it's not business-like. Private ones, of course, I have nothing to do with.”

Placing them methodically before him, the speaker began reading them over.

“Grindham and Polk, Swan and Tapton, Bright and Peek, Marks and Winton.”

These were the names of foreign firms with whom the house of Bently and Company corresponded.

“You are very particular,” muttered Carus, impatiently.

“Can't be too much so,” replied Peter.

“With the clerks, of course not.”

“With every one.”

“You forget I am a partner.”

“I seldom forget anything, Mr. Kearn,” replied the old man; “not even that you have an eighth share in the business. Dear me! ah,—another proof of the excellence of my memory—here is the letter you expect, in the handwriting of your *friend* Sanford.”

A second time a satirical smile played upon the lips of the speaker. Carus snatched the letter hastily from his hand, and broke the seal.

“Any news for the firm?”

“No, it is not a business letter.”

“Then it's no affair of mine,” answered Peter Mangles, sorting the remaining portion of the correspondence.

“Bless me!” he added to himself, “who can this be from?”

The letter alluded to was addressed in a gentlemanly, but unbusiness-like hand, to Mr. Bently; sealed with a coat of arms, and marked “private;” postmark, Jersey.

“The second letter within a month,” thought Peter; “I wonder if Richard has any private speculations there? I dare say he has.”

When Mr. Bently arrived in the city, the only letter he looked over was the one which had excited the curiosity of the speaker. He read it carefully, and a smile played for an instant on his usually grave features.

“Business,” said his clerk.

“Private,” answered the merchant. “Did you not perceive that it is marked so? I have no business secrets from you.”

Peter Mangles was quite convinced of that.

“Here are the other letters,” he said, “from India.”

“Oh! never mind them,” interrupted his employer; “you know how to answer them.”

“Your nephew had one from his friend Sanford,” observed the former speaker. “He appeared very anxious respecting it; found him here on my arrival. He does not usually make his appearance so early.”

“Indeed! and what would you infer from that?”

“Nothing! nothing!” replied the old man; “only it struck me as rather singular that both partners should have letters marked Private on the same day. But I have other news,” he added, in a tone of great complacency. “Ranson and Co. are so satisfied with the exemplary conduct of your son-in-law, that they have offered him a desk in their counting-house.”

Mr. Bently listened attentively, and despite the effort to conceal it, seemed satisfied with the intelligence.

“Has he accepted it?” he asked.

“Commenced this morning.”

For the first time in several weeks, her father inquired after the health of Rachel.

“Better, Richard, much better,” replied Peter, who invariably addressed him by his Christian name, when he felt either pleased or dissatisfied with him. “The virtue and perfect reformation of her husband is a subject of deep contentment to her.”

“She is happy now, then,” observed the merchant, with a sigh.

“Happy!” repeated the clerk, warmly; “how can you suppose anything so ridiculous, improbable, and unnatural? The mother pines for her lost son.”

“Ah! true; true;” murmured Mr. Bently.

“And her father's forgiveness!” added the speaker. “There, don't look so angry. I have done. But mark my words, you will one day repent of your unnatural conduct to your only child.”

“I thought, Peter,” said his employer, placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder, “that we had come to an understanding not to speak upon this subject any more. By the results,” he added, seriously, “let the wisdom of our conduct be judged.”

“Certainly,” replied the old man, seating himself at his desk, and commencing to write very quickly. “I have no fear.”

“Nor I,” said Mr. Bently.

An inarticulate “Humph” from Peter Mangles was the only reply to this assertion.

The merchant reflected upon their conversation long after the clerk had forgotten it; and more than once he asked himself whether he had not acted unwisely by his son-in-law, and suspected him unjustly in the affair of the securities.

If so, who could be the thief?

This was a question he daily became more anxious than ever to elucidate. It must have been some one connected with the firm. George Hoffman had started in business on his own account; and the thousand pounds he received with his wife appeared, even with his acknowledged talents for business, a ridiculously small sum to have kept him afloat so long.

The reformed drunkard had not been many weeks in his new situation, in which his conduct proved examplary, when a second and far more important change took place in his prospects. Mr. Thornton, whose connection with the firm of Bently and Company was of many years' standing, called upon Peter in the city; and in the course of conversation informed him that it was his intention to establish a branch business in London.

“Glad to hear it,” observed the clerk.

“It will require a considerable outlay of capital,” added the manufacturer; “but that is not my principle difficulty; the greatest one is to find a man of talent, combining business habits with strict integrity, to conduct it in my absence.”

Peter Mangles laid down his pen, rubbed his left ear—a habit with him when undecided—thought of George, hesitated, was about to speak, suddenly stopped and thought of Rachel and little Mary. That decided him.

“I know the very man,” he said.

“And can recommend him for talent?”

“Yes!”

“I ask no better,” said Mr. Thornton, “provided he combines honesty with the other requisites.”

“I can vouch for his integrity,” answered the old man; “for he was brought up under my own eyes; and never, when he was a mere boy, did I detect an error in his petty cash-book. Richard thinks nothing of that; but you and I know what a temptation it is to youngsters,” he added, confidentially.

The manufacturer heard him with a smile, for he had long been acquainted with the speaker's crotchet on the subject of petty cash.

“Is he sober?” he inquired.

“Very sober *now*; but he has been a drunkard; in fact, it is no other than George Hoffman.”

“Bently's son-in-law!” exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

“Who never treated him wisely, or in a business-like manner, poor fellow!” answered Peter; “and I can't tell you how it grieves me.”

He proceeded to relate, for the satisfaction of his visitor, the sad story of Rachel's marriage, and the anger of her father; how George, with only a thousand pounds, had commenced business on his own account, had failed, given way to drink, till he lost one situation after another, and scarcely a friend would look upon him.

“And is it possible,” said his hearer, “that you can seriously recommend me to engage such a man?”

“Hear how he has redeemed himself,” replied the clerk, “before I reply to that question.”

The wealthy manufacturer listened with benevolent interest whilst the speaker proceeded to describe the loss of our hero, and the effect it produced upon the conscience-stricken father. As for the mother's sufferings, no words, however eloquent, could paint them.

“I feel for him,” he observed, when Peter had concluded, “and feel disposed to serve him, but as a man of the world, cannot entrust my new establishment to him without security.”

“Security, for what?”

“His honesty.”

“I mean, what sum?”

“Five thousand pounds.”

Peter Mangles took up his pen and very deliberately wrote half a dozen lines, read them carefully over twice to assure himself he had made no mistake—for it was the most important piece of paper he had ever signed in his life—seeing that it held him responsible, in the sum of five thousand pounds, for the honesty of George Hoffman.

“There is the security,” he said, handing the document to Mr. Thornton; “and the situation—”

“Is his,” replied the gentleman, placing the guarantee in his pocket-book; “you have acted nobly by your friend.”

“Pshaw! I run no risk,” exclaimed the old clerk, modestly; for he had a great objection to receive either thanks or praise. “I know my man.”

Never in the whole course of his life had the speaker felt so anxious to escape from business, as on that important day. He even went so far as to indulge in the extravagance of a cab on his return, the omnibus being far too slow for his impatience; but instead of driving to Blackheath he proceeded at once to the cottage of the Hoffmans.

Nothing could exceed the joy and gratitude of both husband and wife, when informed of their brightening prospects, and the generous confidence of their friend.

Rachel's thanks were interrupted by her tears.

“Never can I merit so much kindness!” exclaimed George, deeply touched by the noble conduct of the old clerk. “The future must thank you, sir, not present words. I have no fear for myself. For with all my faults,” he added, “a thought of dishonesty never tempted me yet.”

“I believe you, my dear boy,” murmured the old man.

“Nor will it now, sir.”

“Should it,” replied Peter Mangles, looking with childlike confidence in his face, “remember one thing—that you will only be robbing your wife and Mary.”

It was a happy night for all of them. When we say all, we ought to except the mother, whose satisfaction had one bitter alloy; she thought of her lost son, and though smiles were on her lips, sadness dwelt within her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

VOICES OF THE STREET.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

Passing, alone and silently, up and down the crowded streets of these great cities, how many sentences and parts of sentences one hears which strike upon the heart as well as upon the ear. And when from all the din and uproar of the confused street one has gone into his house and sat down where all is still, how often some of those broken, or but partially understood, sentences come back and ring like bells, some joyous, some mournful, in his memory.

“*Where am I going?*” came half unconsciously from the lips of a woman near us, in one of our evening walks. She turned as she said so, and with a more rapid step set off in another direction. How many, many miseries, and deaths of honor, would be escaped if this question, “*Where* am I going?” were oftener and more earnestly asked by those who have started wrong.

“*He deserves it. Let him take the consequences of his folly.*” The speaker was an iron-faced man, with knitted brows. Plainly he was sore displeased. But what if that hard sentence which came like spikes and hail from between his fine teeth, and handsome, (and doubtles,) oft kissed lips, were to be caught us by spirits, and reserved to be reissued at the last against *himself?* Could *he* bear the consequences of all the folly he has committed? If not, had he not better try to be merciful?

“*I think I can get* HER; *but if not, there's another girl that I'm* SURE *of.*” A dashing youngster, with a whole possum skin stuck on to the lower part of his face. Here were true love and juvenile modesty which need no further comment.

“*But I tell you I've liked him less and less ever since we were married.*” A lady, whose robes nearly covered her companion from sight, made this interesting confession in a tone so loud that it was impossible not to hear—and hearing such words naturally moved curiousity sufficiently to occasion a look at the speaker. The look resulted in a marvel as to what manner of man ever could have screwed his courage up to the point of marrying *her*.

“*They took him home* DRUNK!” Took *whom* home? a son? a husband? a father? “Took him home *drunk!*” Oh! blessed be the sonless, the husbandless, the fatherless, in comparison with those to whom beings so dear are ever taken “home drunk!”

“*I shall die if you leave me; I cannot bear it!*” Into a handsome, but troubled and perplexed face, looked up one, far, far younger and more easily read, from which agony had wrung every drop of rosy blood. It was but a passing glance we had of those two faces, but a transient look that we took of those two forms, but we shall *know them again*, if we meet them not until we all stand in eternity. Instantly their case grew plain before us. We had known others like it. He, with a show of love, or, at most, with a little—a *very* little—of “the real material,” had won all her woman's heart; and now he had told her he was going—no matter where—but where *she* could see him no more. And she, poor child! that clung to him as to her last hope of heaven, thought that the parting would kill her. But she mistook—it would only kill the hope and courage out of her, and make her dull and old before her time. *People don't die so easy*, except *when they don't want to*. If some griefs *did* kill, they would not be one-half as dreadful as they are. “I shall *die* if you leave me; I *cannot* bear it.” If that cry of pain keeps echoing in *his* ears and memory to whom it was uttered, as it does in those of the stranger that overheard it, he can never forget her from whose pale lips the words came huskily forth, while her eloquent eyes besought more powerfully than her tongue had power to do, for mercy—sweet mercy.

“*Mother's a fool then; I'll do as I like.*” We turned quickly at the sound, expecting to see some wretched, ragged girls who were in need of an invitation to the ragged school, or to some place where they might be taught not to be heathen. It passes belief, but it is true, those evil words came from the ruby lips of a fair, round-cheeked and richly-dressed *young lady!* She walked gracefully, and she smiled sweetly; but through her pure white flesh there seemed to us to be visible an inward *blueness*, as of putrefaction, which like the spotted death of the plague works outwards from within, until its victim falls, black with mortification, a corpse. Over the beautiful face passed a quick hideousness that caused a shudder through our frame as we passed on. “*Mother!*” (that sacred name!) “*a fool!*” Oh! sacrilegious lips of a thankless child! sin thus no more.

* * *

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expressions of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words, as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able also to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

* * *

COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror, is exceedingly curious, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation: “After some years' delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler sayeth not, and we are at a loss to imagine.”

SIR PHILIBERT AND LADY BLANCHE.

BY W. E. PABOR.

Sir Philibert Knight Templar, stood
Before the Lady Blanche of Orne;
His brow betrayed an angry mood,
And on her face was much of scorn.

"Sir Philibert of Spotten Wood
Go, follow where your fathers led;
Go, make your boast of valor good,
Or cast your helmet from your head.

"Go, fearing neither fire nor flood,
Or else that day will never dawn,
When Philibert of Spotten Wood
Shall wed the Lady Blanche of Orne."

Once, twice and thrice he paced the floor,
Then turned him to the lady fair,
Whose finger pointed to the door,
And said, with mock heroic air:

"I go, sweet Lady Blanche of Orne;
And when I come again to thee,
Some sign shall on my breast be worn,
And men shall speak in praise of me."

But when the knight returned, I ween
He must have fought as cowards fight;
For not a sign on him was seen,
And men but linked his name with flight.

And when the Lady Blanche a bride
Before the sacred altar stood,
The one whose place was by her side
Was not the Knight of Spotten Wood.

Sir Philibert in solitude
Was no man's praise or lady's care;
And so the saying still was good—
"None but the brave deserve the fair."

◆

CONSTANCY.

ITS TRIAL AND REWARD.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was currently reported in Abingdon that Jerusha Warner and Enoch Stedman were about to be married. According to the ancient and well-approved custom of the State of "steady habits," every Sunday evening saw Miss Jerusha dressed in her prettiest and most becoming costume, and seated in her little parlor behind the shop, ready to receive her expected visitor. And just as the twilight fell gravely over the earth, Enoch would be seen by Tabitha Tattler, who lived opposite, and the widow Green, whose house, being on the corner, overlooked half Abingdon, to approach the door of the Abingdon Millinery Emporium, of which establishment Miss Jerusha was sole mistress. His modest knock was always answered by the lady in person, who would marshal him safely through the dark shop into the little sitting room beyond. What transpired there, being out of sight and hearing of Misss Tattler and Mrs. Green, neither of those ladies was ever able to impart.

Enoch and Jerusha had been "keeping company" for a long time, two years or more, not reckoning their attachment as children, and during all their school-days, which had been unusual, and the gossips were beginning to wonder why the banns were not published, when suddenly it was rumored that Enoch made frequent visits at the house of a wealthy farmer who had several marriageable daughters, and who lived quite on the other side of the county.

Some said these visits were of business, some of pleasure, and other some that Jerusha had been deserted for one of the Misses Ainslie, who were both rich and fair. Nobody knew, however, and as for Jerusha, she kept her own counsel, very wisely answered none of the questions which were addressed to her on the subject, and whatever secret misgivings or sorrows she might have endured, wore all the time a cheerful face, at least for the public.

Enoch's business took him much from home about this period; and as he was absent for several successive Sundays, there was no evidence, even to the inquisitive ladies above mentioned, that he had ceased to "keep company" with Jerusha. And with her he had entered into no explanations. She had loved him all her life, had long since promised to become his wife, and held herself ready to fulfill the promise whenever he chose to claim it.

Thus matters stood, and no more than the vague rumor of the frequent visits of her promised husband at Mr. Ainslie's had prepared her for any change in his feelings, or their mutual relations, when, one morning, she was summoned into the shop to attend a customer from Winston, the town in which the Ainslie's resided.

Jerusha's customer, a bustling farmer's wife, who, exhilarated by her escape from the toils and cares of home, and the prospect of a new bonnet, in addition to the quantities of drygoods for which she had exchanged her load of butter and cheese, was in high spirits, chatted away merrily as she tried on bonnet after bonnet.

"I want the very prettiest bonnet you have in the shop, Miss Warner," she said, laying aside a purple one with black plumes, which she declared not half bright and showy enough to suit her good husband's taste. "As it will last me two years at least, I can afford to pay a good price for it, and I want something handsome to wear to the wedding of my husband's cousin next week."

"Will this suit?" asked Jerusha, holding up a pretty hat of green silk. "No? Well, I have some very handsome ones in these bandboxes," turning to lift them from the shelf.

"It seems to me you are not very curious about this wedding, Miss Warner," persisted the farmer's dame. "I've heard tell that the bridegroom was an old beau of yours." She was standing before the mirror, smoothing her shining bands of hair each side her good-humored face, and never noticed the pallid countenance, for one instant turned towards her, full of mute, woful questioning

"La, yes," she continued, "it's rather a sudden thing, to be sure. They haven't kept company more than three months, and it's so far that Enoch Stedman hasn't been over very often; but Sophy Ainslie is good enough for anybody, and it didn't take him long to find that out."

With her hand pressed firmly to her side, Jerusha had been leaning against the row of shelves, while her visitor spoke those light words, that were to her like the words of doom. If the good woman had listened, she might have heard one deep-drawn breath; but she did not, and the next moment the milliner stood by her side with a smiling face, and held out the showy bonnet which she had just extracted from its folds of tissue paper.

"Here, Mrs. Gay, is a bonnet pretty enough to wear even to Sophy Ainslie's wedding. Will you try it on?"

Mrs. Gay was charmed. The hat was tried on, and declared the perfection of the millinery art, and wonderfully becoming. The price was paid, and, with her purchase safely deposited in its box, and carried in her hand, for fear of accidents, the worthy woman climbed into the country wagon beside her husband, and departed on her way to Winston.

Jerusha was left alone, but before she could escape, as she longed to do, to the solitude of her chamber, other customers entered. For hours she was compelled to attend to the wants of one party and another, compelled to fix her tortured thoughts upon the minutiæ of ribbands, and flowers, and laces, to strive to match unmatchable shades of silk and worsted, to invent something becoming to plain faces, to minister to fastidious tastes, and to supply tastes uncultivated or utterly wanting.

Jerusha Warner was not the first woman who has borne similar torture with a smiling face, and with busy hands and active employment has tried to still the dull aching of a lacerated heart. How the day passed she hardly knew, so mechanically had she performed its manifold duties. She only remembered, afterwards, that the approaching marriage of Enoch Stedman was the whispered theme of every tongue, that her quickened sense had caught the broken murmurs that floated through her little show-room, and that no less than three times had she been appealed to for confirmation or denial of the rumor.

Neither did she afterward distinctly remember how the intervening days passed, until the Sunday when Enoch Stedman, with his pretty bride leaning on his arm, walked down the broad aisle of Abingdon church, and took his place beside her in the family pew. Jerusha had somehow endured the days, and the long, sleepless nights, and she bore the sight of the man whom, for years, she had regarded as the future companion of her life, sitting there beside another, younger, more beautiful, and oh! so much happier than she. Her voice mingled as usual in the choir that day, she missed none of the services, and did not even neglect her little class of Sunday school scholars. But at evening she caught herself listening, more than once, for the familiar sound of the footsteps that never more would approach her door, as they had been wont to do, and she wept, perhaps, and prayed for strength, as she sat there in the solitude and silence that mocked the desolation of her heart.

A host of bright dreams and illusions had faded out of Jerusha's life, but she was a cheerful, active woman, with a great, loving heart, not given to sentimentalism, and too busy to indulge in romantic fancies or romantic griefs. So there was little outward change in her life.

Jerusha had a great fund of sterling good sense. Everybody in Abingdon knew of her long attachment to Enoch Stedman. Everybody knew that she had been "disappointed," and this being true, she made no pretence of indifference, and as little of impotent grief.

She had loved Enoch Stedman from the time when, as children, they had been nutting together in the woods, and he had been her champion in all childish disputes. This love had grown with her growth, and had been modified by all the changes of her life. Nothing that he could do could obliterate it. It was deep, and calm, and strong, and entirely unselfish. Even now, despite her own heart-aches, she rejoiced in his happiness, and took the first opportunity to tell him so, in an unfaltering voice, and with her kind eyes fixed upon his face, with an expression that revealed her perfect truth.

Enoch's glance sunk beneath hers. Embarrassed and miserable, he could only falter out—

"Oh, Jerusha, I did not expect this from you, whom I have treated so shamefully. I did not think you ever could forgive me."

"We will not talk of forgiveness," she replied, calmly; "that is a word not to be used between us. I do not deny that there is much to regret, but I regret most of all, I think, that you were not frank enough to tell me when you ceased to love me, and your heart sought another."

"Jerusha, I dared not," he began, but she interrupted him, still in those calm, kind tones.

"We will not speak of this again," she said. "The past has gone, and we will not recall it. Do not think of me as less your friend, and do not feel that you need be my enemy. That is all I ask."

She gave him her hand silently, and turned away before his lips touched it with the kiss he would have pressed there. Enoch Stedman went home saddened and less self-respecting than ever he had been before, and with an admiration for the noble heart he had so shamefully scorned, a thousand-fold greater than ever he had felt in the days when he thought her all his own.

Jerusha was among the first to call upon the young bride of Enoch Stedman when she was settled in her new home. And though her cheerful cordiality was met with a slight distrust, caused by the tidings of her former engagement, she managed, by the evident sincerity of her manner, to overcome that so far as any outward expression was concerned.

A friendship commenced that day that continued during all the years of Mrs. Stedman's life, while that young lady was verging into the middle-aged matron, and Jerusha gradually subsiding into one of the old maids of Abingdon.

Jerusha encouraged no attentions from any of the farmer's sons, or spruce store-keepers of Abingdon. It was evident from her manner that she never intended to marry, and after she had declined three or four unexceptionable offers, she was left alone. But her life, solitary as it was, was not without its employments and its compensations. Her business thrived and she was known to have accumulated money, though she generously contributed to all charities that commended themselves to her good sense, and had assumed the charge of the education of an orphan niece. Then she was known in Abingdon as a most skillful person in a sick room, and was always ready to obey the call that summoned her to the alleviation of suffering. And so, filled with cares and duties, the years passed away, and Jerusha approached middle age. She often met the lover of her youth either at his own fireside, at social gatherings, or in the village street. She met him always with the same kindly manner and calm friendliness. He felt assured of her kind regard, and yet no act or word of hers lessened the great reverence in which he held her, or gave room for the tongue of scandal to utter aught of blame.

Thus passed fifteen years, and then the wife of Enoch Stedman was laid upon her death-bed. Jerusha answered the urgent summons with her usual promptness, and took her place in the sick room, ready to sympathize with or to aid the sufferer. Her hand smoothed the pillows and gave the cooling draught to Mrs. Stedman's parched lips, her sleepless eye watched and tended her until the last, and then this true friend turned to the weeping orphans to whisper to them words of cheer and consolation. Her skillful hand prepared the mourning garments of the little ones, and the folds of the shroud that bound the still lovely form of the dead. She ordered all things in the stricken household, until the funeral day arrived, and the train of mourners took its slow, sad way across the hills that separated Abingdon from the burial-place of the Ainslie's in Winston, where Sophy had desired to be laid. And then, her task ended, she returned again to her own solitary home.

When Enoch Stedman returned from the funeral of his wife he paid Jerusha a visit, and thanked her warmly for all her kindness. Miss Tattler and Mrs. Green seeing him enter, as of old, the door whose threshold he had not crossed for many a year, straightway predicted that "something was going to happen." But as the visit was never repeated, they were forced to acknowledge themselves at fault.

Jerusha had no confidants, and no one could read in her manner how she was affected by this unexpected freedom of her former lover. She only said that she would not deny herself the pleasure of sometimes seeing his children, to whom she was greatly attached, and so she visited them, occasionally, and showed herself truly their friend, by many an act of kindness, most welcome in their lovely orphanage.

But whatever silent hopes she might have indulged were speedily destroyed. For in less than a year from the period of Sophy's death, Enoch Stedman brought home a bride, another Sophy Ainslie, the cousin of his former wife.

The new Mrs. Stedman was a pretty young creature, timid and fearful of assuming her new responsibilities, and attracted by the kind face and genuine manner of Jerusha Warner, as before among the first to welcome the stranger to Abingdon, she speedily made friends with her, and came to rely upon her in all her little trials and perplexities.

The post of family confidant and adviser was no sinecure, but Jerusha's unwavering friendship bore her through all, and her task was perhaps made lighter by the knowledge that the first Mrs. Stedman, the slumbering jealousy of years aroused by the approach of the event that would bring freedom to her husband, had exacted from him a promise that he would not marry Jerusha Warner. Her eldest girl, ill-pleased with the arrival of the step-mother, so little her senior, had, in her anger, disclosed the secret, and Jerusha could still hope that, without that promise, the ancient love might have been revived.

More years passed away. Jerusha umpire, friend, confidant, still, held her place in the truest regard of all the family of her friend, reconciling all domestic misunderstandings, gradually bringing into harmony all conflicting interests, wisely keeping herself and her feelings ever in the background.

To Enoch she was counsellor and friend, to his wife a confidant and supporter, to his children she almost held a mother's place, so truly did they love and reverence one whose affection had unfailingly encircled them all their lives.

All human beings reconcile themselves to their destiny if they but accept it with cheerful endeavor. And this had been eminently the case with Jerusha Warner. She was a woman of deep and strong affections. She had been orphaned in early youth, and afterward her heart had centred all its love and hopes on the friend of her childhood. Having loved once, there was no possibility of change, and no more was it possible that she should seek to escape the odium of singlehood, by a contract without love, which being arranged in all legal forms, might falsely have borne the name of marriage. She was content to live on, and to seek out all the compensations that life offered her, in the duties, and cares, and affections with which the loneliest of human beings may encircle themselves. And thus, after Enoch Stedman's second marriage destroyed any hopes his freedom might have awakened, she wisely reconciled herself to the lot which became hers, and hoping nothing save to fill her days with usefulness, and to find in the life beyond the happiness that eluded her grasp here, she went calmly on her solitary way.

Her niece married and went her way with the man she had chosen. Then Ada Stedman, the daughter of her adoption, followed her woman's destiny also, and went to adorn and make happy another home. And then Jerusha was left utterly alone. She was growing old, but her cheerful and active life had left few traces of years upon her face, or form. She was almost as comely as in early youth, and the gossips were wont to whisper of the contrast between her and the invalid wife of Enoch Stedman, who came sometimes to church walking feebly along the aisle, and with her sickly face looking out from the family pew upon the assembled congregation. And the habit she had of clinging to Jerusha, whom she loved better than all the world save husband and children, brought this contrast more vividly before the eyes of all.

And by-and-by, after years of patient suffering, the invalid went home, breathing out her life in the arms of the two last loved friends, and holding, at the last, a hand of each tightly clasped in her own. Again Jerusha ordered the house of mourning—again prepared the sable weeds and the white grave garments—and again watched the slow train winding over the far hills toward Winston.

After this bereavement Enoch Stedman left Abingdon for a year, that was spent in traveling. His elder children had gone out into the world, the two younger ones, the children of the latest wife, came, by Jerusha's request, to live in her home during his absence. Perhaps all hope had died out of Jerusha's bosom ere this; perhaps she thought that it were foolish for those to whom age had whispered its unfailing monitions, to think of forming new ties. At any rate she seemed neither more hopeful nor anywise saddened, save that she sincerely mourned for the frail creature to whom she had so long been supporter and friend.

Enoch Stedman came back at last. His house was opened, a trusty housekeeper arranged all things, profiting by the suggestions of Jerusha, and then the children went home. The "old maid" was alone again by her solitary fireside.

That evening she sat and sipped her tea, and looked thoughtfully, but with bright eyes, into the blazing fire, and only gave a little start when well-remembered footsteps paused at her door, and a knock, once so familiar and never forgotten, followed. She rose up and speedily ushered in the unexpected guest, not the Enoch of old with shining hair and ruddy cheeks, but a man passed middle-age, with many a line on brow and cheek, and many a silvery thread in his dark, thin hair; but Jerusha's heart knew him for the lover and friend of her youth still.

Very long the two sat there recalling memories dim with the lapse of weary years, speaking in low tones, by-and-by clasping hands that, for a space that seemed eternity, had scarcely met before, then a head lay upon that broad breast, which had not been there for so long, since other heads had been pillowed there, and exchanging, once again, lover's vows, uniting severed hopes, renewing olden pledges, never, never more to be broken.

And so when Enoch Stedman returned to his home that night, it was with a heart warm with the thought that, after all these years of parting, in spite of all the wrong he had done her, the woman whom he felt that he had best loved, would soon come to his home, his own true and honored wife.

And presently, thereafter, the banns were published between Enoch Stedman and Jerusha Warner, and there was a quiet wedding befitting their mature age, and then, at last, Jerusha went home—home to the heart and to the dwelling that should have been hers all the weary years of her solitude. Need I say that they were happy—that Jerusha's constant affection met its sure reward, and that the man who had wronged her, forgiven by her, was easily persuaded to forgive himself, and enjoy all that life now offered him?

◆

ORPHAN MARY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I tell the following tale as nearly as possible as it was told to me. My informant, a lady of unusual goodness of heart, said:

At the urgent request of a dear friend, I had reluctantly taken Mary into my house as a boarder, during her apprenticeship with a tailor near by. And I soon learned to thank God that I had done so. She was so sweet, so patient, so modest, so grateful, that I soon loved her with the tenderest devotion. I remember that I used to love to go up to Mary's room while she was away in the shop, and sit down there, just to look about and see how much everything seemed like her. How neat and tasteful she was. In what perfect order she kept her little room; and there was always a soft, sweet perfume, as of spring flowers, upon its air. I never knew what the perfume was that Mary used to scent her garments. I would not ask her, choosing to fancy that the odor exhaled from her own sweet and pure spirit.

The girl had enchanted me, and yet she was not at all beautiful in the critical sense. I mention these, my own feelings, towards her, that it may be the better understood what influence she would be likely to exert upon a man who should become her lover.

Mary finished her years of apprenticeship, and then, at my urgent request, settled herself for regular business at the shop of a tailor close by our house, and remained a boarder, at a merely nominal price, with me.

It was a very good situation which she had taken. Mr. Elton, the merchant tailor, was wealthy, and kept a magnificent establishment. His "shop" was almost a palace; and all the sewing-rooms were luxuriously fitted up and furnished.

Mary could not have found a more agreeable place wherein to work, or a better or more prompt pay-master, had she sought the world over. And she was as happy as a little queen. A fine color came up from her glad heart and painted her usually pale cheeks, and day by day I noticed a new sparkle growing brighter in her expressive eyes. She was growing really beautiful.

And for many months my Mary was as joyful-hearted as if she had possessed parents, and brothers, and sisters, and home, and fortune, instead of being a poor, relationless girl, who might have to work hard all her days for a living. And my friend's family and my own rejoiced to see our ward so happy.

But all at once Mary changed. The color faded, the sparkle was seen no more; she became silent and absent-minded.

We questioned her in vain. She declared that she was perfectly well. We tried teasing her—then she wept bitterly, so we held our peace. She behaved strangely altogether—came home late; or, if early, soon went out, asking no one to go with her. She seemed to make a very great effort to eat what small supply of food she did swallow. Often she left the table not having eaten a mouthful.

We tried to have her quit her work; but no; go to the shop she would, rain or shine.

One night she did not come home to supper. At eleven o'clock she came staggering in like a person the worse for drink.

"What *does* this mean? Mary, you *shall* tell us. Where *have* you been?" I cried, pulling off her damp hat and shawl, and seeing how perfectly colorless she was, and how her thick, black hair hung all unconfined about her neck and shoulders.

"I can tell you nothing; but this is the end of it. There will be no more. I hope I shall be myself after this."

She bade us good night, and went wearily up to her chamber; leaving us staring at one another in a state of useless surprise and curiosity.

"*Something* is wrong," said my husband.

"Well, *Mary* isn't, be sure of that," I replied, quickly.

"I wouldn't like to be *too* sure," returned my distrustful spouse. "That nabob Elton is a handsome man, who knows how to make women's hearts ache. Depend on it, *he* is at the bottom of this business—my word for it, wifey."

"Pooh!" I said, with a contemptuous toss of my head—a terrible sinking of my heart. My husband always guessed so correctly.

Next morning Mary seemed better, and now she slowly amended, and we were quite expecting soon to see her in her best state, when one morning, about twenty minutes after she had gone out, she came rushing home again, screaming wildly, her eyes almost starting from their sockets; and, before I could prevent it, she fell headlong on her face at my feet. We hastened to lift the poor child up. Blood was flowing from her mouth—she was insensible. We carried her to the door for air. A crowd was collecting about the tailor's store.

"Elton has shot himself," cried a man to my husband.

"*Shot* himself!" we echoed, with horror.

"Yes. A few minutes ago he sent for your Mary up to his room. She hadn't been there long when the people in the shop heard her scream,

"'Wait till I get out,' or something like it, and down she came, as if she'd tear the stairs after her, while at the moment the report of pistols was heard, and on hastening to his chamber Elton's journeyman found him stretched crosswise on his bed, dead—his brains blown in all directions about the chamber. Two pistols were on the bed with him. He had fired both charges into his head."

"Horrible!" ejaculated my husband.

I felt faint.

While the excitement was at its hight Elton's brother appeared upon the scene.

He had been summoned by telegraphic dispatch, and came from a distant town to settle up the suicide's affairs. Fearful havoc was made in that house and store. There was an auction, and the magnificent things went for anything or nothing. The wretched man had left two little children; and the brother said all he cared for was to raise money for present expenses, and everything else might go. Every article of the dead man's clothing, elegant and costly enough for a prince, was left hanging at the mercy of those who desired it. The brother declared that he would not touch a thing that had belonged to him. At sundown the day after the brother came, the dead man's house was left for pillage—he being in his grave, and his children far on their way to their grandsire's home. But what was all this woe and desolation for?

No one could tell; though many seemed to think that Mary was in some way connected with the tragedy. But Mary was dangerously ill. Not a sound of the break up and departure across the way had been suffered to reach her.

One day, when we thought our poor girl much better—when we had got her into a great chair, and propped her up with pillows, and I had seated myself close beside her to look upon her angel-like face, she held out her hand, and said—

"You love me so that I will tell all that I never meant to tell. Mr. Elton is dead and buried; I have not forgotten. Mr. Elton loved me, and I loved him. You did not know *that*?"

"Only suspected it, dear Mary. But why did he do such a dreadful thing?"

"Because I would not live with him; he said he could not and he *would* not live without me."

"But, my dear girl," I said, astonished, "if you loved him, what *could* have been your reason for refusing to marry him?"

"He did not want me to *marry* him"—she spoke in a low voice, the bright blood gushing up over face and neck, and tears starting to her downcast eyes.

"Not want you to marry him! I thought you said he loved you."

"He *did* love me. I could not doubt it. I do not doubt the truth of what he has sealed with his blood; but he was too proud to take for his *wife* a poor, foreign-born working-girl. He would not do it; and so he tried, week after week, and month after month, to overcome my resolution never to be his mistress. He nearly killed me; for I loved him so much, and knew so well how deeply he loved me, that I lacked resolution at once to drive him from me. Oh, I loved him dearer than my own life. And now he is lying in a suicide's grave. Oh, my God, what agony is mine! But I am going to him soon—soon."

She sank back, groaning fearfully, the shadows of death fast setting in upon her fair young face.

The doctor was sent for. He came hastily, surprized, shocked; for he had supposed his patient doing well.

All that affection and tender care could do for her was done; but Mary died that night—another victim to that diabolical thing, Pride.

And now she lies with folded hands,
In an untroubled sleep;
With tearless eyes and peaceful heart,
Where none shall make her weep.

◆

"I CAN'T."

Never say "I can't." When we consider the energy and ability palsied by it, and how many fail in life by "fearing to attempt," we feel to wish, with Napoleon, that the words "impossible," and "I can't," were obliterated from our language. Tamerlane was taught better in the midst of his despair, and the pertinacity of a spider nerved the warrior Bruce to a final struggle and a glorious triumph. If what is desired be worth the toil necessary to win it, examine the ground deliberately, and let nothing short of absolute lack of means, or incompetence of powers, deter you from winning. Many a man, passing for a genius, as artist, and even as man of letters, has worked his way to proficiency by slow steps, and through years of ceaseless care and toil. There is little that man has done, that it is impossible for man to do again—and again, forever.

As "necessity is the mother of invention," so perseverance and faith conquer every obstacle. Because the road is rough and toilsome, and the labor harsh and vexing, is it manly to falter when the prize is all the brighter and the goal the more glorious therefor? The crown of triumph is reserved for those who strive, and however accident may seem to elevate this or the other man, there is no "royal road" to fortune or fame. These are seldom, if ever, won by the "I can'ts." On the lips of the young, no words so miserable as these. They betray a puny, coward spirit. Alexander sternly rebuked the lieutenant who uttered them in his presence—and to give his rebuke force, spurred forth and accomplished what his subaltern deemed impossible. Men of this will and decision conquer in whatever they attempt. Seek not to do too much, but measuring your means and faculties, accept the bravest toil possible, and win. Never say "I can't." "I'll try" are the words that have made more than one name immortal.

◆

A USEFUL AND PRACTICAL HINT.

Every man has his idea of what *his* prosperity should be. The majority of the favorites of fortune require abundance, the minority are contented with a moderate independence. And the same rule prevails with respect to morals and intellect. Some desire to be considered pre-eminently good, others rationally so; and others again are satisfied if their conduct places them beyond the reach of censure. It is the same with the mind. One man would wish to soar above his fellow-creatures—to dazzle all beholders by the loftiness of his flights; another would desire to be considered as above the average intellectual standard; another to be thought at least equal in capability with those by whom he is surrounded; and another would let his neighbors rate him just as high or as low as they pleased. So that prosperity in all its various phases must only be taken in degree, or according to the estimation in which it may be held. And thus it is that upon the estimate formed by the individual rests the greater portion of the responsibility of realizing what is desired and sought to be obtained.

◆

THE SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

It is not by multiplying a half dime by thirty that we can estimate the happiness of him who drinks claret over him who drinks beer. It is a trite saying, that the poor are as happy as the rich, and happier; but perhaps the reasons for holding this belief have not been often closely examined, and hence the general principle has been attacked as a vain sentiment, invented by the rich to appease the poor. But if we look at the main elements of human felicity, we shall find that they are among the objects of moderate attainment. They consist in health, physical and mental; in food, sufficient to satisfy hunger; in clothing, sufficient to protect the body from vicissitudes of weather; and in that enjoyment of the domestic attainments which continues the existence of our species. The wealth of the richest man that ever lived will not add to the list a fifth element of enjoyment so large as any one of these.

◆

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false: the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct—the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

◆

WITH four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are—gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

ELIJAH AND I.

BY ALICE CARY.

The house that you see underneath the great pine,
With walls that are painted and doors that are fine,
And meadows and wheat-fields about it, is mine.

On the stony side-hill of the woodland close by,
In a house that is not half so wide nor so high,
Elijah, my miller, lives, richer than I.

When I go to the town to pay tax on my land,
He sits by the chimney, his book in his hand,
And merry of heart as if money were sand.

Of the meadows about him, he owns not a rood,
No stone of the brookside, no stick of the wood
Yet ne'er lacked Elijah for clothing or food.

'Tis good in his blue eyes the twinkle to see,
That the mill goes awry never troubles his glee,
'Tis I that must pay for the mending—not he.

He laughs while I frown, and he sings while I sigh,
The pleasant love-ditties of days that are by,
So Elijah, my miller, is richer than I.

◆

BORDER HEROISM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

It was in the spring of 1785, and on a clear, beautiful day, that a party, consisting of two men, a woman, and a child, were passing down the Ohio in a conveniently-sized boat, for the purpose of joining some friends at a settlement below. This party bore the surname of Marston, and the relationship of husband, brother, wife, and daughter. They had come from the interior of Pennsylvania, transporting their goods by horses to the Alleghany, and thence descending that river and the Ohio in the boat they now occupied.

The eldest of the four was a large, tall, fine-looking man, some thirty years of age, and the husband of the female, and father of the child. The wife appeared to be some six or eight years the junior of her partner, was small, slender and graceful, and possessed a countenance of more than ordinary intelligence and beauty. The brother was younger than the husband, and inferior in size and strength, but comely of feature, and evidently a man of considerable muscular power. The youngest of the party was a sweet, chatting, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl of four summers, the favorite of all, and especially the idol and joy of its fond and almost girlish mother, both of whom seemed much out of place in journeying through that wild, unsettled, and perilous region.

Thus far our adventurers had met with no material accident or misfortune, nor had they seen any of those fierce enemies of their race, who were then known to be prowling through the great forests which stretch away on either hand for hundreds of miles; but now they were more directly entering the country inhabited by their swarthy foes, and which had been more distinctly marked by the aggressions of the latter upon their white invaders; and as they turned their eyes toward the green and flowery banks of the delightful stream, upon whose placid bosom they were floating, it was less to admire the solemn beauties of nature, than in dread of what those mighty forests might conceal. Yet the men, as was natural they should, relying upon their strength, and their skill in the use of weapons, seemed less uneasy than the girlish mother, who, at every unusual sound, would clasp her offspring to her heart, and glance around her in fearful apprehension.

"Mary," said her husband, approaching her on one of these occasions of alarm, which became more frequent as she advanced on her journey, "how is it that you, who have been so courageous all along, have now of a sudden become so timid?"

"I hardly know myself, William," she replied, in a sweet, musical tone, looking up with a smile, "unless it is that we are entering a more dangerous region, and that I am every moment growing more fond of our pretty little Ada, and more fearful on her account;" and bending over the child, which she now held in her arms, she imprinted a mother's kiss of love upon its ruby lips.

"But I'm not afraid, mamma, when you and papa are with me," prattled the blue-eyed pet; "for I know nobody'll hurt me where you are."

"Ah, God bless your trusting innocence!" cried the father, impulsively catching her up in his arms, and covering her cherub face with kisses. "No one shall hurt you where I am—and may the good God keep us all from harm!"

During their voyage down the river, it had sometimes been necessary to lay up at night, especially in foggy weather; but they had generally managed this matter with great caution, securing their boat near, rather than at the shore, by making a line fast to some overhanging branch, and dropping a sort of rude anchor. At these stopping places our voyagers had been the most apprehensive; yet it was not at these that they were really most in danger, but while floating along in the bright light of day, as the sequel of our narrative will show.

On the very day that we introduce them to the reader, but some two or three hours subsequent to the conversation recorded, the little girl, in looking toward the Ohio shore, became much attracted to a long line of beautifully-flowered shrubbery, which so overhung the stream that a branch might easily be broken in passing; and with infantile glee she clapped her hands, and exclaimed—

"Oh, papa, do get little Ada some pretty flowers!"

The boat was not far from the land, and the current set in close to the bank, so that it was an easy matter to comply with her wish; and the fond father, giving directions to this effect, and himself taking an oar, was about to push in towards the thicket, when the mother, with what seemed to be a premonition of danger, quickly interposed, saying, eagerly and earnestly—

"Nay, William, do not think of such a thing, but keep further out in the stream. From some cause I am frightened—I feel that danger lurks in every thicket, and I know we cannot be too cautious."

"Pooh, Mary, you are too easily alarmed," replied her husband; "no one would be more cautious than I, if I thought there was danger; but there is none here, surely; and little Ada might as well have a bunch of flowers to please her."

So saying, and without heeding the remonstrances of his more timid companion, he, assisted by his brother, turned the boat up alongside the shrubbery, and both were in the act of plucking a flowering branch—the little girl, meanwhile, in her mother's trembling arms, clapping her tiny hands with delight—when suddenly two sharp reports, almost blended into one, rung out upon the still air, and the brothers fell back together, the one shot through the heart and the other through the brain.

At the same instant there was a series of terrific yells, a rustling among the bushes, and two hideously-painted savages came leaping into the boat. First making sure of their victims, by plunging their knives several times into their bodies, they next tore off their scalps, and tauntingly shook the gory trophies in the very face of the now petrified and horror-stricken wife and mother, who stood like a statue of marble, as motionless and seemingly as cold, her eyes glaring wildly, and the little girl clinging to her in a terror she could not comprehend. Then attaching each his scalp to his girdle, they made a flourish of their tomahawks over the head of the mother, rather as it seemed with the intention of terrifying than of striking her. But finding her unmoved—for she was still paralyzed with horror—one of them rudely snatched the child from her arms, and made as if to dash out its brains on the gunwale of the boat. This he might indeed have done—for his basilisk eyes were gleaming with fiendish malice—but the other interposed, and said something in their native tongue; when, turning to the still immovable mother, he struck her a blow with his fist, knocked her down, and threw the shrieking child upon her.

The two Indians now proceeded to secure the boat by workin it up under the overhanging bushes, and so disposing of them as to completely conceal it from the view of any party passing up or down the river, or looking out from the opposite shore.

By the time this was completed, poor Mrs. Marston had in some degree recovered the use of her faculties, and had begun to bemoan her hard fate in low, choking sobs, the while straining her trembling child as tightly to her anguished bosom, as if she thought that her maternal arm could shield it from the merciless foes.

One of the Indians now advanced to her side, and, rudely pushing her with his foot, made signs that she must get up and follow him ashore. She understood and complied with his desire—for she had now some little hope that her child would be spared to her—and with a mother's undying love, she felt that she would willingly struggle through anything, endure everything, for its sweet sake.

We may not dwell upon her feelings, for none but a mother so suddenly and terribly afflicted, and so hopelessly placed, could comprehend the bitter anguish of her heart.

At a little distance back from the river, the Indian bound his prisoner to a sapling, leaving the child free beside her, and then returned to his companion, and assisted him in securing their captured spoil.

They now seemed disposed to be merry—those grim, inhuman monsters—as they gloated over their not invaluable prize—stripping the dead of their garments, securing their weapons and ammunition, and reveling, like hungry beasts, in the palatable edibles which their explorations exposed—chatting glibly in their native tongue, and now and then laughing merrily, but cautiously, as here and there they fell upon what they considered a prize of more than usual value—the last of these being no other than a mysterious-looking keg, which they were not long in discovering to be fire-water, and over which they not only laughed, but around which they fairly danced in fiendish glee.

At length, placing the keg in the middle of the boat, they knocked in the head with their hatchets, and began to indulge in the exhilarating poison, gradually increasing their at first light potations to a kind of drunken carousal, which lasted for several hours, and finally ended in a state of complete intoxication.

Meantime the poor mother had remained bound to her tree, listening to the fierce revelry of her captors, and all the time in trembling apprehension lest something might direct their thoughts to her, and she and her darling Ada become fresh victims of their now liquor-maddened passions. But as time wore on, and their potations grew deeper, and their carousal more drunken, if not less boisterous, a wild hope sprung up in her breast, that through their final inebriation she might providentially effect her escape; and from that moment she became more intensely excited than ever, and listened with a still more wildly palpitating heart, hushing the very murmurs of her poor child by looks and whispers of terror that it seemed instinctively to comprehend.

At last, just as the bright sun was setting, the long wished-for moment seemed to arrive, the drunken sounds having gradually died away to silence; and she reasoned that her foes were now no longer in a condition to prevent her escape, which peradventure she might effect, provided she could immediately get free of her bonds.

But how was this to be done? Her hands were corded behind her back, and her body made fast to the tree. She tried to work herself loose, but her efforts only served to tighten the cords and give her pain; and she was upon the very point of uttering a shriek of despair, when she remembered in time that the sound of her voice might fall upon the obtuse senses of her drunken foes, and mechanically arouse them to action.

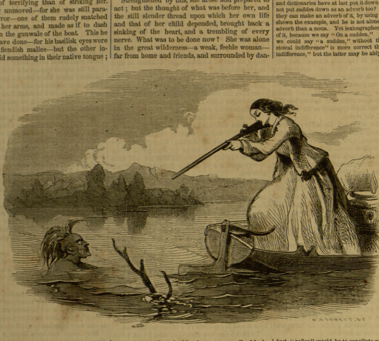
But stay! another strange wild hope enters her breast! Can she make use of Ada? Can she venture the poor child to the fearful risk of returning alone to the boat, and procuring a knife? It is a thought as trying as death itself, though less fearful than a long and hopeless captivity, and it seems to be their only salvation. Time is passing, her captors have become still, and something must be done! Shall she risk the only alternative in her power? Something seems to urge her to do so; and finally, wrought up to a pitch of desperation little short of madness, she explains to the trembling little creature what she needs of her, and gives her directions how to proceed.

And that innocent little thing comprehended her, and finally sat out on her fearful mission. Oh! what a trial was that to the tender nerves of that poor mother! and from the moment of her departure, till that of her return, the brief suspense was to her an age of horror. But the child went, and returned in safety, and brought back a knife, which she had very stealthily taken from the very side of one of the murderers of her father and uncle, and which was even yet red with their blood.

The poor captive shuddered as she looked upon the fearful weapon, and yet she experienced a faint gleam of joy, at the thought that it would be the means of setting her free, and thus, under God, the saving of herself and child.

Little Ada, by her mother's direction, soon cut the binding cords; and the moment Mrs. Marston found herself at liberty, she caught the heroic little girl in her arms, covered her sweet face with kisses, and then, with an almost bursting heart, knelt upon the ground, and poured forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the Great Unseen.

Strengthened by this, she arose and prepared to act; but the thought of what was before her, and the still slender thread upon which her own life and that of her child depended, brought back a sinking of the heart, and a trembling of every nerve. What was to be done now? She was alone in the great wilderness—a weak, feeble woman—far from home and friends, and surrounded by dangers of every imaginable description. Could she escape on foot with her child? Impossible! they would either starve or fall a prey to wild beasts or Indians. What course then? for they *must* escape. There was the boat—but then there lay the murderers of her husband and his brother, and what could she do with them? Should she in turn murder them, while they slept their drunken sleep? A cold, icy shudder crept through her veins at the bare thought! But then her child *must* be saved! and to save that, by any means, was imperatively her duty.



We will not follow her thoughts. Enough that she at last, carrying the child in her arms, resolutely but cautiously, returned to the fearful scene, where still lay the dead bodies of her friends, and, almost beside them, but upon some bales and boxes, nearly on a level with the gunwale, their now drunken murderers.

With the knife firmly clasped in her hand, that widowed mother reached the boat; she entered it; she stood over her foes; they were in her power; she raised the knife; should she strike? She hesitated—trembled—grew faint of heart—her hand fell. She thought of her child, and the arm was again nerved, and again raised, but again fell powerless.

Ha! another thought! She hurried forward, placed the child near the bow, and warned it not to speak or stir; and then, seizing an oar, pushed the boat from the shore, and set it drifting down the stream. Then darting forward and securing the weapons of her enemies, she nerved herself for the great trial, and, using all her strength, suddenly rolled them both into the river.

On striking the water, one of the two Indians sunk almost immediately; but the other, who perhaps had drunk less deeply, and was not so much intoxicated, began to struggle for life, and soon appeared to recover sufficient consciousness to comprehend what had happened, and struck out fiercely for the boat. But that girlish mother, nerved by the thought of her child, her own wrongs, and the instinct of self-preservation, prepared to defend herself even at the cost of life. She had pushed the Indians over, because it was not in her heart to slay them in cold blood, if she could escape by other means; but she was firmly resolved not to be taken again; and bringing a rifle to bear upon the struggling savage, she waited till she saw him about to make a lodgement astern, and then pulled the trigger. A flash, a report, a groan followed, and the bubbling waters grew red above the grave of her foe.

All that long, terrible night that heroic mother watched by her living child and its dead and gory father, and labored hard to keep the boat from drifting to either shore; but what pen may portray her mingled emotions of grief for the dead and joy for the living, her hopes and fears, her horror and despair? She lived through her trials, however, and the next day was discovered by a party of hunters, who, at her cries of distress, came to her relief, and thus she was saved.

We will simply add, that that heroic little child, Ada Marston, in after years became the wife of one of Kentucky's most distinguished and chivalric sons.

◆

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Patriot wants to know where Cayenne is—the place to which Louis Napoleon has banished so many talented French officers and republicans. Cayenne is a rich town and island of South America, on the coast of Guyana, and is bounded on the west by the colony of Surinam. The island, which is about fifty miles in circumference, is separated from the continent by a narrow channel. The surface is low and marshy, and covered with forests. Cayenne pepper, sugar, coffee and caoutchouc, are the principal productions and commodities of trade. The French first settled on the island in 1625, but left in 1654, and it has been successively in the possession of the English, French and Dutch—the latter were expelled by the French in 1677. In 1809 it surrendered to the English, and was restored to the French in 1815, in whose possession it has since remained. It is an unhealthy region to persons born and reared elsewhere. The French exiles suffer much from illness and privation, and are deserving of the sympathy of every friend of liberty and of every honest man in the world. It is to be hoped that the blood-stained perjurer and usurper who has sent them thither, will yet meet with a just retribution.

Bayou Sara says he is "a young fellow, only nineteen years of age, is considered handsome, and is run after all the time by the girls, and even one married woman is constantly making love to him." Under these circumstances he would like to know what he had better do. "Bayou Sara" is evidently a conceited young ignoramus whom the girls are making sport of. They undoubtedly affect much admiration for him, and pretend to be overcome by his beauty, simply for their own diversion; and he complacently accepts all their nonsense as genuine homage to his excellence and powers of fascination—qualities which he, of course, is easily persuaded he possesses in a high degree.

Eda el Switha.—Starch is a fine white sediment, precipitated from the white and brittle parts of vegetables, particularly the tuberose roots, and the seeds of the grassy plants. It is convertible into sugar by the action of sulphuric acid. Starch is produced from various grains and potatoes, and, as extracted from the latter, is in demand as an article of food. Arrowroot is the same kind of substance. There is no great danger in your friend eating it, therefore, provided it is not mixed with impurities, or taken in excess.

George K.—The line "Sudden our bands a spotted pard restrain," is from Pope's *Odyssey*. Our correspondent thinks the grammar inaccurate. So it is, strictly or pedantically speaking. But poets often write bad grammar. Some refuse to write "Thou loved'st;" they say "Thou loved." This error prevails throughout Pollock's *Course of Time*; intentional on his part, in defiance of the rule. We generally say "We walked quick." We thus make *quick* an adverb, and dictionaries have at last put it down as an adverb. Why not put *sudden* down as an adverb too? If the people choose they can make an adverb of it, by using it as one. Pope has shown the example, and he is not alone. It is more like an adverb than a noun. Yet lexicographers have made a noun of it, because we say "On a sudden." But if it were a noun we could say "a sudden," without the *on*. "Seemingly stoical indifference" is more correct than "seeming stoical indifference," but the latter may be ably defended.

Old Reader.—There is nothing that we know of which "will remove superfluous hair," except a brain fever, shears, a razor, or some other sharp instrument. There are many things advertised, under the name of "depilatories," but we have no confidence in their efficacy.

B.C.—The arithmetical problem by "Albert Hayward," as published by us, was right. As you state it, it would be too simple to excite interest.

Doctor.—There are sixty-two United States Senators, and two hundred and thirty-four Rrepresentatives.

Policy.—We don't like to hear, or read of, young girls talking about the best *policy* in love. However, as you ask the question we will answer that your best "policy" would be to conciliate your lover's mother.

Inexperience.—Yes. Anybody has a right to send gold and silver bullion to the United States Mint to be coined, and the bullion so sent is there assayed and coined as expeditiously as possible, and if it be of the United States standard, it is assayed and coined free of expense to the person or persons sending it. But the treasurer of the Mint is not obliged to receive, for the purpose of refining and coining, any deposit of less value than one hundred dollars, nor any bullion so base as to be unsuitable for minting. And there must be retained from every deposit of bullion below the standard, such sum as shall be equivalent to the expense incurred in refining, toughening, and alloying the same: an accurate account of such expense on every deposit, is kept, and of the sums retained on account of the same, which are accounted for by the Treasurer of the Mint to the Treasurer of the United States. You cannot tell whether or not your bullion is of the United States standard until it has been assayed at the Mint. They make no mistakes there.

A Despairing Family.—You should not allow your troubles and fears so to overmaster you, nor so easily give way to petulance. Now is the time to put forth all your energies, and to exhibit all the best qualities of your heads and hearts. When the domestic virtues display themselves in the midst of privations, and anxieties, and sufferings, then they shine conspicuously. They are like the snow-drops and crocuses, which unexpectedly peep out of the frost-bound soil, to diversify the depth and dreariness of winter, and give us a cheerful foretaste of the coming spring. Notwithstanding all your misfortunes, you have much to be thankful for. You are all in good health; you love one another; none of the sons is addicted to drinking, gaming, or any other vice; and you are all blessed with good educations. You certainly should be ashamed to *repine* even, and as for *despair*, you should blush to think of it.

D. L. N.—It is injudicious to change your children from school to school so frequently, and to listen to all their complaints against their teachers. You should of course satisfy yourself in regard to the characters, tempers, and capacity of those to whom you entrust the education of your offspring, and having done this, your children should be given to understand that they must obey them without any whining or talebearing. You should secure teachers of elevated views and great natures, who understand that the true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us, to develop to their fullest extent the capacities of every kind with which our beneficent Maker has endowed us, that we may thereby be fitted for all circumstances, or know how to fit circumstances to ourselves.

William S. T.—You of course have a right to sell your bounty land warrant. The government of the United States has not been niggardly in its conduct towards the soldiers of the Revolution, or towards those who have at any time served the country in the field. Up to June, 1857, a total of $61,314,620 in money, and large donations of land, had been paid to revolutionary soldiers or their widows. The number of warrants issued under all the bounty land acts of Congress from the Revolutionary war to the present time, is 547,350—requiring to satisfy them 60,704,942 acres of land. If the payment of such a sum of money and the donation of such an amount of land is evidence of "niggardly conduct," we should like to have you inform us what would amount to liberality.

Isabelle wishes to know which we consider the most valuoble possession, wit or a cheerful temper? The latter, by all odds. Wit is but a gleaming dagger, and too often a poisoned one. But a cheerful temper joined with innocence makes beauty still more attractive, knowledge delightful, and even wit good-natured. It lightens sickness, poverty and affliction, converts ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and renders deformity itself agreeable. Let your wit take care of itself, therefore, Isabelle, but cultivate cheerfulness of temper with the utmost assiduity, for it will brighten your maiden charms, mellow and soften the vicissitudes of wedded life, and encircle your declining years with a halo of happiness.

Eli H.—*Latitude* and *longitude* are two words explained in every book on geography, and in some spelling books. As you may not understand them as laid down in such books, we explain. Suppose two circles to be drawn on a globe, as large as they can be made, and crossing one another at right angles. Call the one that lies east and west the *equator*, and the one that lies north and south the *first meridian*. Take any point on the surface of the globe, and measure its nearest distance from the equator—this is its latitude. Then measure the nearest distance of the latitude distance point on the equator from the first meridian—this is its longitude.

A. B.—The "girls in your section" must be very ill-bred, not to say vulgar, if, as you say, they prefer that a man should "fight for a kiss when kisses are forfeits in games played by a company," and pull and haul them about, as they must do in such a scuffle. We don't care how great a number you can bring to the support of your position; could we be assured, as of course we can not be, that every girl in the Union would favor it, then we should say that every girl in the Union was a vulgar creature and needed much polishing.

Inquirer.—No. The President of the United States does not appoint, nor does the Senate confirm the appointments of, all the postmasters in the Union. On the first of January last there were over twenty-seven thousand post-offices in the United States, of which only three hundred and sixty-eight were of the class denominated Presidential—that is, the incumbents of which are subject to appointment by the President and Senate. The incumbents of other post-offices are appointed by the Postmaster-General.

Moses, a newly-married man, is anxious to know whether housekeeping or boarding would be the most pleasant and economical. That depends upon circumstances and the tastes of Moses and his wife. In the long run housekeeping is preferable; but the young couple might try boarding for a little while, just to learn by contrast what the value of a home really is.

Aurora.—No, a thousand times no. The unfaithfulness of your husband would not render misconduct on your part any the less reprehensible. Be faithful to your own convictions of right and so behave as to keep your conscience void of offence, and you will yet triumph over all your calamities.

An Old Subscriber wants to know if it would be "polite" to invite a young lady to accompany him to a party four weeks in advance, so as to prevent rivals from engaging her for the occasion. Of course it would. You might secure her company a year in advance if she should be willing.

Scarlot.—The lock of hair inclosed for our inspection is, we grieve to say it, decidedly red. No mother in the world, however doting, *could* call it auburn. A lead comb is frequently and successfully used to darken the hue of tresses which happen to be more brilliant than pleasing.

Farmer.—Yes. The skillful cultivation of fruit trees pays liberally, and proper attention to shade and ornamental trees is also profitable on account of the increased value and saleableness they give to a farm. Fruit trees will bear for a time if left entirely to themselves, but the fruit will be of an inferior quality, and will constantly deteriorate. Vegetable is in many respects similar to animal life; and if you would have a tree grow, and enjoy good health, and wax strong, and be fruitful, it (like an animal) must have plenty of good air and water, and a sufficient supply of the right kind of food. The roots of a tree are its mouths, through which it receives nourishment, and its buds, leaves, twigs and branches are its breathing apparatus. To produce twigs, branches, leaves and buds the nourishment furnished by the roots is consumed; and, consequently, the more there are of them the less nourishment will be left for the production of fruit. Hence the utility of judicious pruning. By keeping down the twigs, leaves, &c., the nourishment taken in by the roots is concentrated upon the fruit-bearing tendency of the tree, and the result is apparent in the greater abundance, size, flavor, and general excellence of the fruit. Pruning should be done in the spring before the buds start, or in the autumn after the fruit and foliage have been shed. In cutting off the branches, the pruner should always cut *from* the tree or limb he is trimming, so as not to peel or break the bark. Use a strong and sharp knife, shaped like the upper part of an eagle's beak, and not an axe or a saw. Limbs that cannot be cut off with such a knife, had better be left alone, except in rare cases. If you have to ascend the tree, cover the soles of your shoes with sheep-skin, or some other soft substance, so as not to bruise the bark, and thus leave places for vermin to deposit their eggs.

Ambition.—No. As a general thing, it is better for a young man to be left without than with a fortune, and if you are to be an exception, you will be the first in all our observation and experience. You may take the entire population of New York or any other State; select from it fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or for any description of public usefulness, and we will answer for it they are all men who began the world with small means, and many of them without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who have made their own fortunes. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, state and federal, from the highest to the lowest; and it is true in all professions. To bring a man out, you must throw him upon his own resources. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous and must be continued too long to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as almost a matter of life and death. He who has a fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from competition. With many wise and practical men, of great observation and experience, it is a question if it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. A love for honest, useful labor, and wisdom sufficient to guide one's efforts in the best channel, is the most desirable inheritance for any young man.

Returned Lover.—This correspondent says he was engaged to be married, went to the West to earn a competence, and having succeeded, after two long years, he returned to marry "the girl he had left behind him." But on reaching home, his sweetheart's sister informed him that she had forsaken him, and was engaged to another man. On calling at the residence of the faithless one, she also said the same, "that although she had once loved him supremely, she had now met a man whom she loved much more," &c., &c. Of course the Returned Lover considered his engagement with her at an end, and acted accordingly. Several months afterwards his old sweetheart sent him word that she "was only in sport when she soid she loved another better, &c., and only did it to test his affection for her." And she thinks he ought to keep his marriage engagement, and so do all her family, and the intention is to make him keep it. You are exonerated from the engagement, and her family cannot molest you. People must not trifle with such sacred things, and if they do, they must take the consequences.

Charlottesville, Virginia.—This correspondent says she has always been taught that when friends, male or female, call on her, she should rise to receive them, and also rise when bidding them adieu; but that of late, when she has "called on ladies who set up for leaders of the fashion, they have not risen either when receiving or bidding her adieu;" and she wants to know what the rule is in such cases. It is customary for one who is receiving or taking leave of guests and visitors to rise, except in cases of physical inability, such as illness, lameness, etc.; and in such cases well-bred people excuse themselves for remaining seated.

L. L. C.—You had better ask the young lady herself what she meant by giving you such a couplet.

"When you are gone—unhappy lot,
Forget me not—forget me not,"

is a plain enough motto, if you will take it as it stands; but if you are determined on making out that the giver "meant something strange" by giving it to you, *she* is the only person to whom you can apply for a solution of the mystery with reasonable hopes of success.

A Sufferer.—The swelled face arises from the gumboil. When the latter breaks, there will be immediate relief. To prevent and allay such attacks from the teeth and gums, use the following wash: Mix the juice of half a lemon, a spoonful of rough claret or port wine, ten grains of sulphate of quinine, and a few drops of eau de cologne or bergamot, and preserve the mixture in a well-stopped phial for use night and morning.

Georgia.—Where boys and girls grow up together, or when young people have become quite intimate, it is not obligatory upon a lover formally to ask permission of his sweetheart to pay his addresses to her with a view to marriage. Lovers glide into that sort of thing without formalities of any kind. The first thing they know they are in love; and the next thing, they are married.

Young Mother.—You can form no idea in regard to the future character and talents of your child, at such an early age. A babe only ten months old can furnish no indications, that can be relied upon, as to its future moral character or intellectual power. It will do no harm, however, for you to speculate upon such matters, so long as you do not put any faith in your speculations.

Mrs. E. R.—The Central Park, now being laid out in the center of the Island of New York, extends from Fifty-Ninth street on the south to One Hundred and Sixth street on the north, and from Fifth to Eighth avenues. It is two and a half miles long, (from north to south,) and half a mile wide. It will probably cost, including value of ground, by the time it is completed, some three millions of dollars.

F. D. G.—Your statement in regard to the young lady was a breach of good manners. A man has no right to volunteer the statement of a useless truth which will give another pain. We must not always speak all that we know—that were mere folly; but, of course, what a man does say, when he is called upon to speak, should be what he thinks, otherwise it would be knavery.

Cousin.—If you are so opposed to the intermarrying of first cousins, and believe it to be wrong, you of course should not marry your own cousin. Medical science is rather opposed to such intermarriages, and in some States laws have been, or are about to be, passed prohibiting them.

Mad River.—The lady had a right to be as cool in her manner toward you as she pleased; your remedy is, to stay away in future. If you do not want to stay away, and insist on calling upon her, you must of course visit her upon her own terms and accept such treatment as she chooses to give you.

Galaxy.—If you execute your scheme of revenge upon the man who insulted your niece, you will be very likely to repent of it. The fact that he is so entirely at your mercy will only add to the poignancy of your future regret. It is a noble species of revenge to have the admitted power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.

Rockland.—Never mind your petulant acquaintance's anger. A man who chooses to "consider himself insulted" because he has to wait a little while on calling to see a friend, on account of that friend's being busy, or on account of any other reasonable cause, is not worth minding.

D. D. J.—You should not place your sister *under the care* of a stranger for such a long journey. She might, however, accept such attentions from him on the journey as her own judgment and good sense would permit.

Fisherville wants to know "in case a good-looking young man should ask a girl to marry him, and she should refuse to do so, what he had better do about it?" We think he would do well to drop the subject.

E. C. R.—Thinkers and doers are both useful in their several ways. It is an old saying that the *thinking* man has wings, while the *acting* man has only feet and hands.

Kate Wellwood.—Fortune-telling by cards, by casting nativities, or by any other method, is utterly false, and an insult to the Majesty of Heaven.

Foreigner.—Unless your father becomes naturalized before you attain your majority, you will have to get out naturalization papers yourself.

M., Brooklyn.—The lines you sent us are stolen bodily from Moore's "Lala Rhook." You have simply dislocated the metre in attempting to disguise the theft.

A Subscriber.—The back numbers of the LEDGER containing the story of "KARMEL THE SCOUT," will cost you forty-eight cents.

Henrietta.—We should not advise you to "flourish your pen largely," unless you can do so to better purpose than in the "flourishes" sent to us.

Rapids City.—No. Kit Carson, the celebrated guide and mountaineer, has never written any book that we have heard of.

C. E. Booth, Jr.—The back numbers of the LEDGER are four cents a piece. We make no deduction from this price.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*